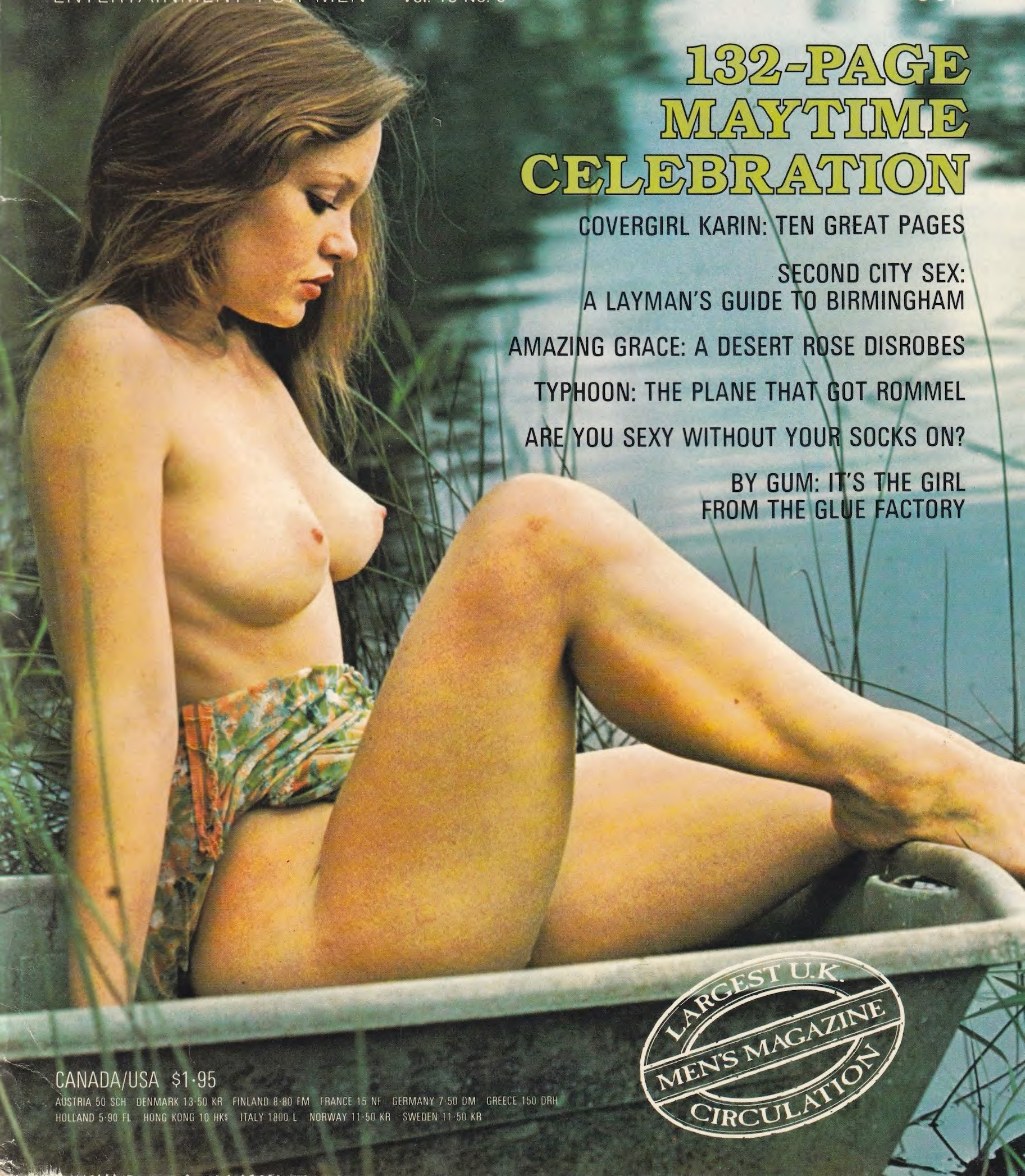
MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol. 13 No. 5 60p



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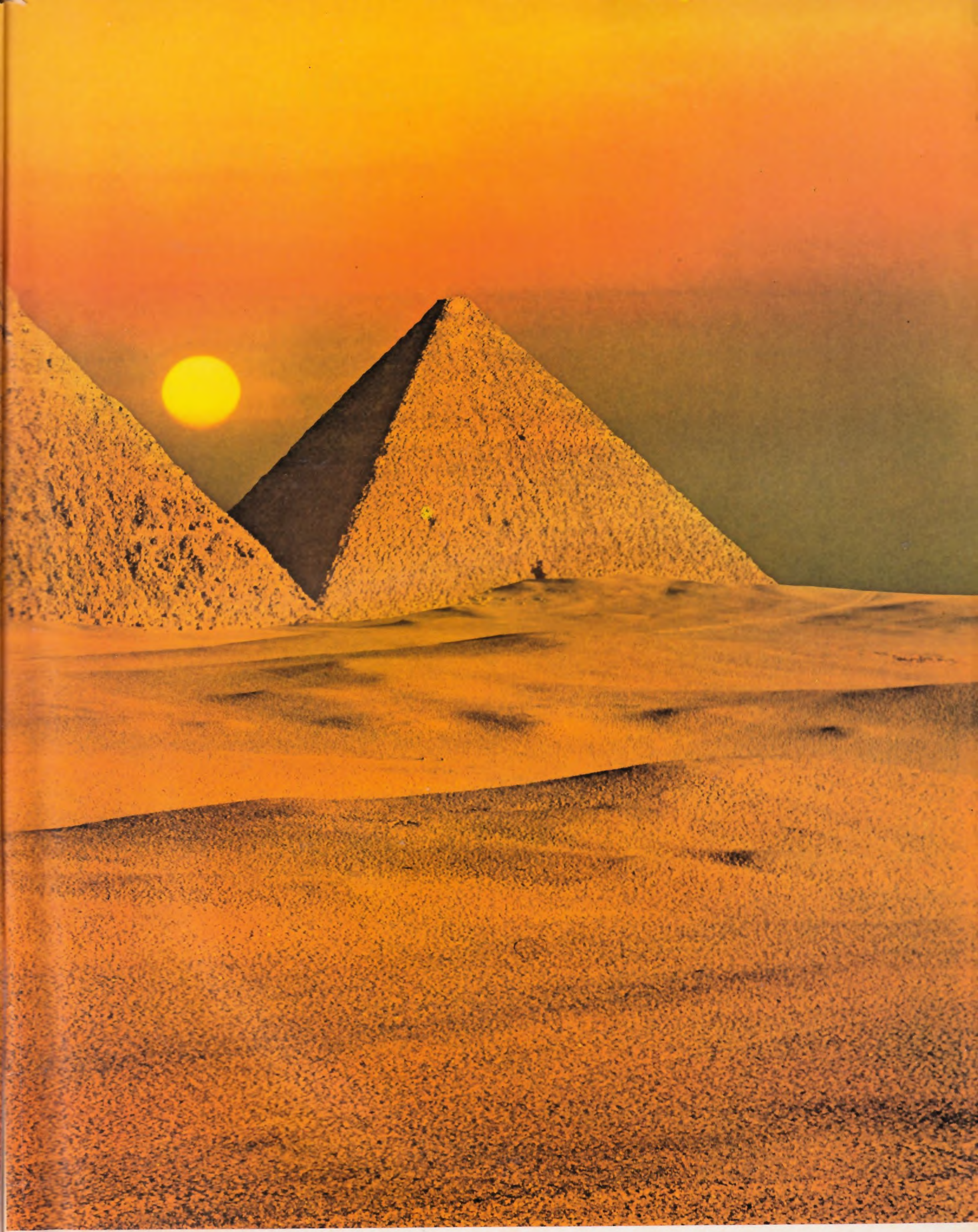

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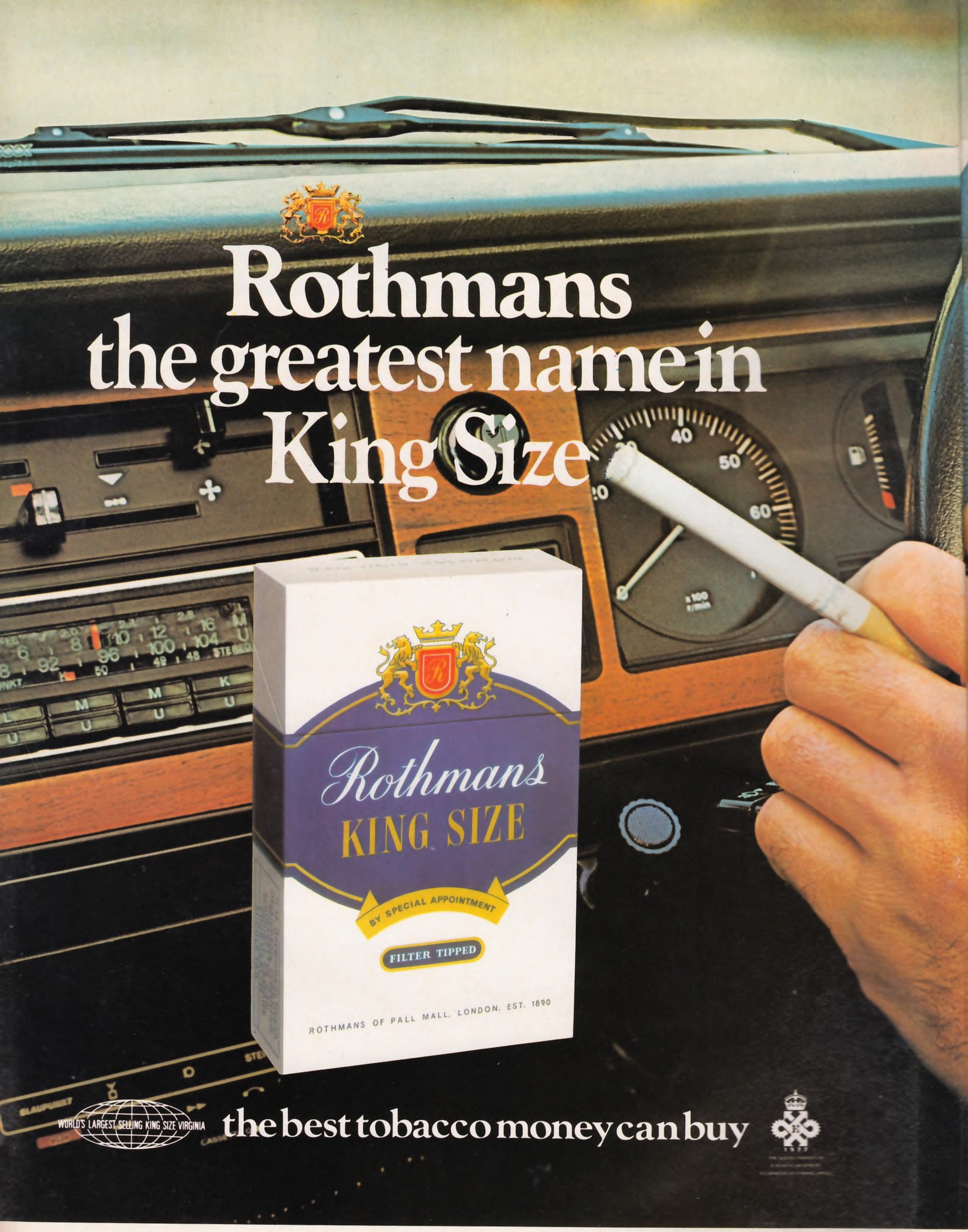
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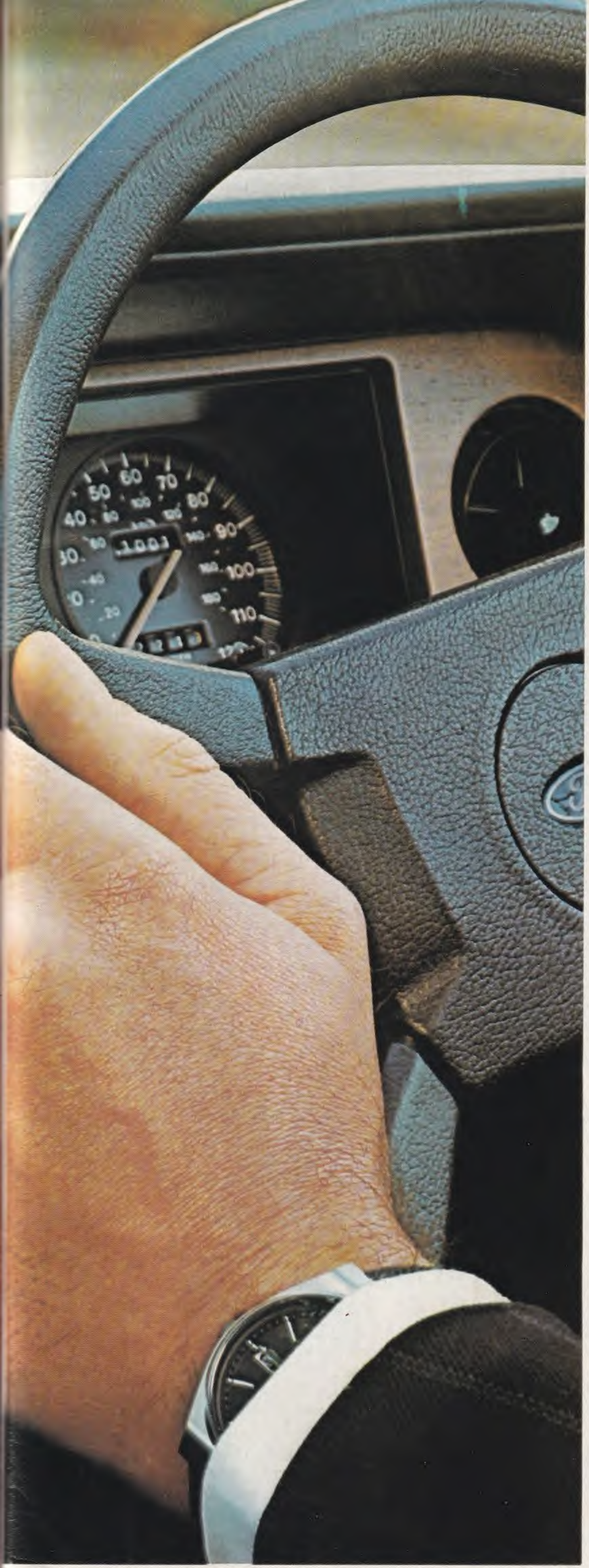


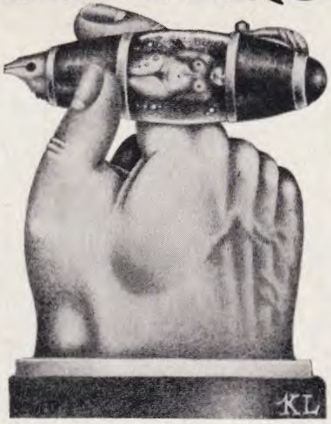
MIDDLE TAR
As defined in H.M.
Government Tables.

SCENE

Unlike some of our competitors in the men's magazine business, we're not in the habit of 'knocking' our rivals. The main reason for this is that when you're the leader in your field – as we are – you learn to expect, and to live with, a certain amount of jealous sniping from your less successful rivals. Slanging matches never achieve very much and we tend to take the line that it's not particularly professional or advantageous to go blasting off at others in the same line of business. However from time-to-time we have to set the factual record straight when claims are made that affect us. Of late, our friends at *Men Only* have been making the puzzling claim that they are 'Britain's Highest-Selling Magazine For Men' which is a bit odd as we thought *we* were. So we checked. We turned to the Audit Bureau of Circulation, an impartial, independent organisation which monitors the circulation of magazines and newspapers in this country. Members of ABC, like *Mayfair* and *Men Only*, submit sales figures which are then scrupulously checked before verification. Our findings? For the period July to December 1977 (the latest figures available), *Mayfair's* circulation was 462,928 while *Men Only's* was 357,427. As this figure is split into UK and overseas sales, we checked those figures out too and found that in the UK, *Mayfair's* total was nearly 30,000 higher than *Men Only's* while on the overseas sales, we led them by over 75,000. In order to give *Men Only* every chance, we then checked out the National Readership Survey for our respective readership figures. The result? For *Mayfair* the figure was 2,387,000; for *Men Only* it was 2,120,000 – a difference of well over 250,000. So where do *Men Only's* figures come from to substantiate their claim to be 'Number One'? We can think of just one possible area. In America, Paul Raymond Publications publish an American edition of *Men Only* which goes out under the name of *Club*. It is in fact an amalgam of *Men Only* and its sister magazine *Club International*. Very well it sells too, but does that make it *Britain's* leading men's magazine? Hardly. Perhaps *Men Only's* delusions of grandeur can most kindly be put down as wishful thinking, because one magazine for men in this country sells more copies and has more readers than *any* of its competitors – and its name is *Mayfair*.

One of the most remarkable new sports to appear in recent years – and almost exclusively a British one – is that of light hovercraft racing, which we feature pictorially on page 70. A unique combination of high technology and unabashed amateur enthusiasm – coupled with the kind of speeds, thrills and skills normally associated with much more expensive activities like power boat racing and motor racing – 'racing on thin air' seemed to us to be well worth a closer look. If you agree the Hover Club of Great Britain – the world's as well as Britain's foremost light hovercraft society – will be staging at least four weekend meetings throughout the year. Watching the races themselves is free, though charges will probably be made to enter the various venues. For your diary they will be held on May 27 and 28 at Leisure Lakes, Mere Brow, near Southport, Lancashire; June 17 and 18 at the Cotswold Motor Boat Racing Club, Fairford, Gloucestershire; July 22 and 23 at Tredegar House, Newport, Gwent; August 26 to 28 at Stanford Hall near Rugby, Warwickshire and September 2 and 3 at Cosgrove, Stoney Stratford near Milton Keynes. All, says club chairman Keith Oakley, are within 15 minutes of major motorways. You can read how to build your own craft in *The Light Hovercraft Handbook* published by the Hover Club of Great Britain and available for £2, including post and packaging from the club address given on page 72.

LETTERS

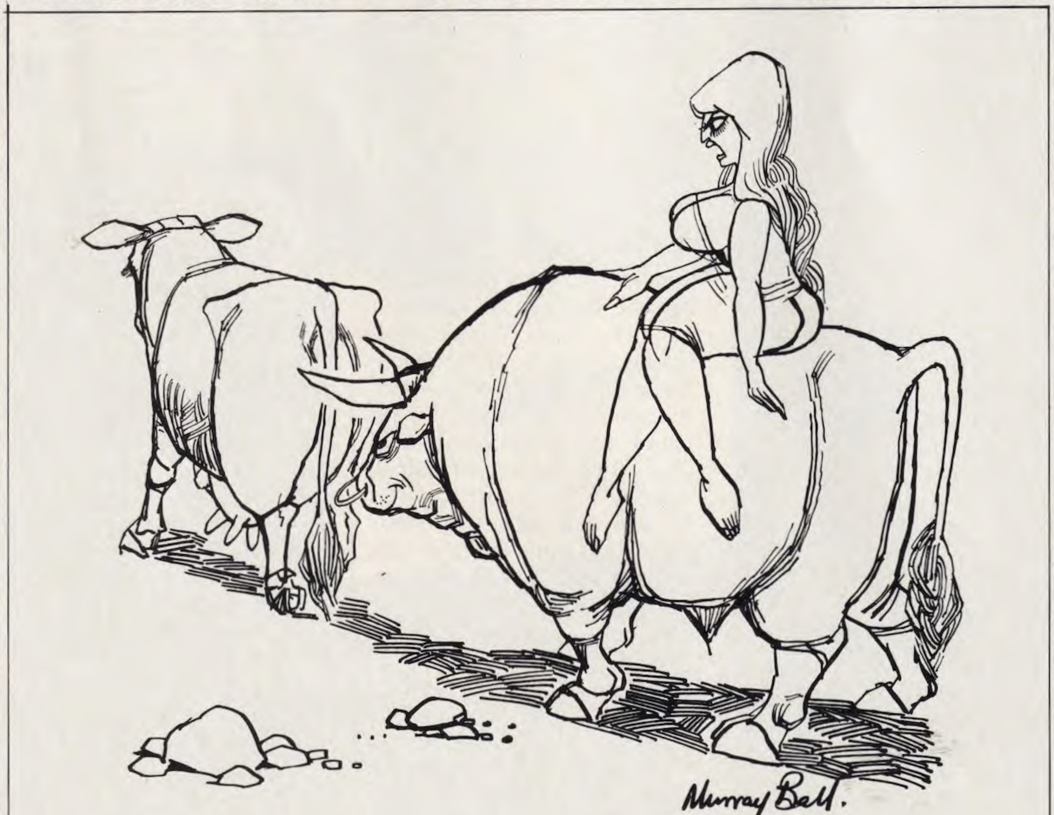


You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

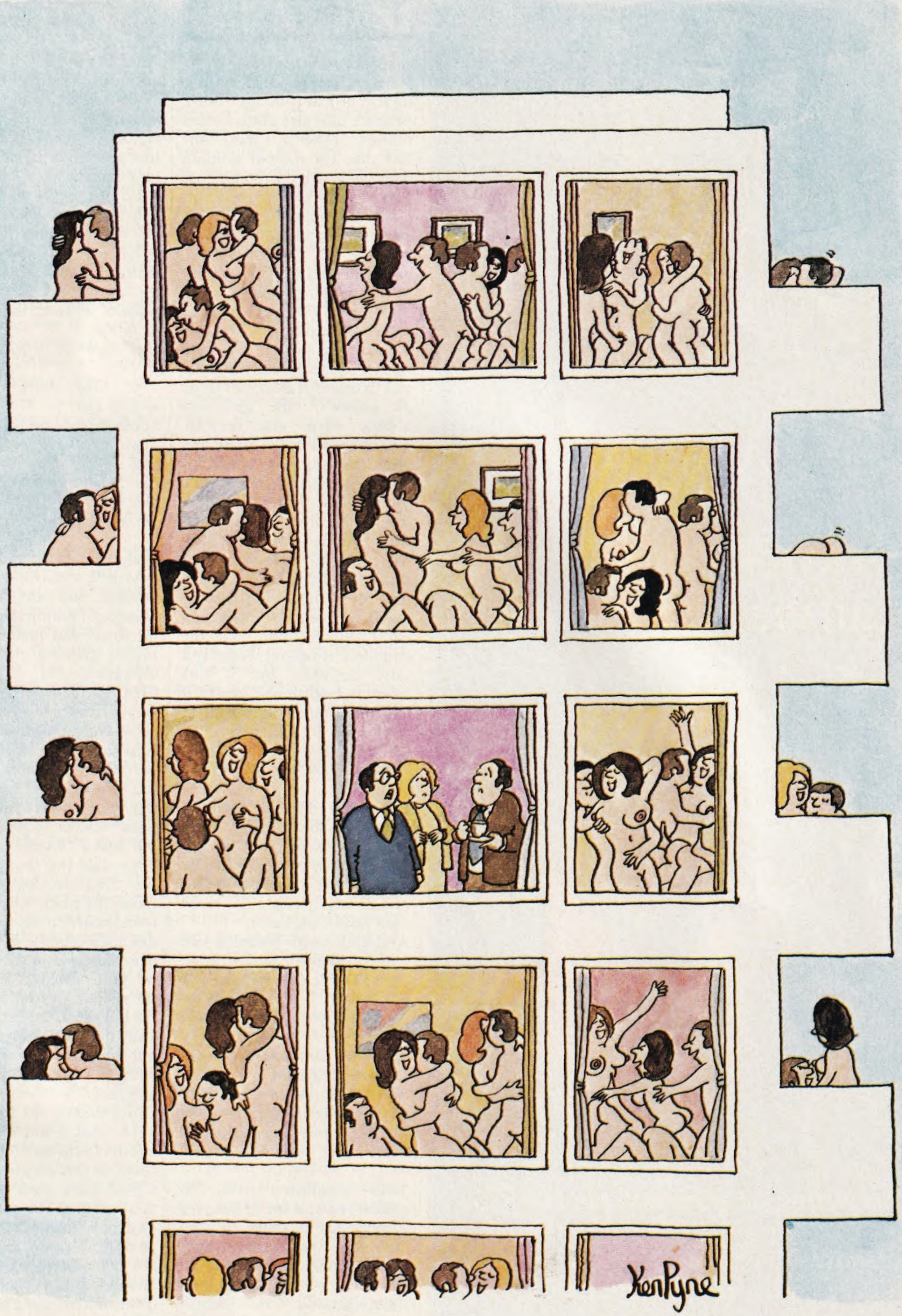
Michael Bland's article on graffiti 'Slugging the Slogan' (Vol 13 No 3) was very enjoyable, so much so that it left one wanting more. I wonder if other readers would welcome a Mayfair Book of Graffiti containing the most witty and profound examples of what is undoubtedly a true art form. The suggestion that 'you are not really supposed to do it' is an interesting and deep one. Of course, one deplores the desecration of monuments, public buildings, railway carriages etc – possibly excluding lavatory walls – especially with pointless mindless scrawl; but surely the clever or witty graffiti artist has far more right to express him/herself on ephemera such as posters than designers of eyesores have to perpetrate permanent perversions in the form of hideous buildings. With regard to your *Scene* request for readers' favourite graffiti, my personal favourite was discovered on the wall of the gents in Rank Xerox's Denham plant, it read as follows: *My mother made me a queer.* Underneath was written in a different hand: *If I gave her the wool, would she make one for me too?*
My only temptation was to write *Buy me and stop one* on a contraceptive vending machine in Germany. However, I realised that the meaning might be lost in a country where the original 'Stop me and buy one' mobile ice cream vendor's slogan may not have reached. Two very interesting alterations have recently appeared in London's underground railway. The first originally read: *A big price does not always guarantee satisfaction.* But some wag changed the last letter of the word price to a k. The second, at the time of writing on display on the Bakerloo Line, southbound platform at Edgware Road, originally read: *Who loves Madame Tussauds?* It now has the word *bum* added at the end, using the original question mark as part of the capital B. The underground railway is a rich source of graffiti humour, but there are some instances of graffiti which invite a graffiti comment. For instance, I would love to write a note on all sexy posters that have been defaced by the slogan: *Sexist crap exploits women* to the effect that *Stupid graffiti exploits crap.*
Mike Nicholls, Henley, Oxon

Michael Bland's article, 'Slugging the Slogan' brought back some nostalgic memories of notable renditions scrawled on walls all over the world. It was a pity, however, that he could not dig up some positive identification on Mr Kilroy – or at least prove or disprove some of the rumours that abound about the scribbler. When I was at school, in the fifties, rumours abounded about the identity of Kilroy once his name had become emblazoned throughout the school urinals. Some stories suggested that he was a tester from Sankeys (manufacturers of toiletware) who had been sent round to put the company's products to the acid test. Other rumours had it that he was employed by a rival manufacturer, with the subversive purpose of discrediting the wares of other manufacturers. Neither story, of course, is true. One account of Kilroy, however, which does have the ring of truth (no pun intended) states that he was in reality an inspector in charge of a gang in one of the large American shipyards in the thirties. His practice was, it is said, to go along the ship in which his team worked and at the end of the shift inspect what had been done, and to make his mark indicating the point in the steel structure at which the men had finished and to where he had inspected, with the words 'Kilroy was here.' The catchy marking ultimately found its way to these shores during World War Two.
Of course Mr Kilroy is only one epitome of a national phenomenon which possibly deserves to be elevated to the stature of folk art. Certainly never a truer word was uttered than when Jasper Carrot in a recent television series assessed that the graffiti in ladies loos was neater than that in the gents if only because the authors had both hands free at the time they penned it.
It is high time that someone took the phenomenon seriously and recorded all the available scribblings for posterity, reflecting as they do the basic principles of our society. A few out of thousands observed have ingrained themselves upon my memory: *God is alive and well and living in Mexico City* (London 1965); *Is Tolkien Hobbit Forming?* (*Punch* 1978). A nice intellectual one which I remember is *Dyslexia rules KO* and on the political front a US-inspired one *President Carter pees the bed* has a rather nice touch of restrained politeness. Picture graffiti is seldom funny, although one which did emerge as a fine exception I came across in the WC of a publishing house, it was quite simply two cubes annotated with the caption *Balls by Picasso.*
As much as I read urinal wit,

turn to page 12


Murray Ball.

'Look, Zeus, it's time you came to a decision.'



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RLS 12

LETTERS

continued from page 10

I never like to engage in it myself, probably because other people's offerings always seem funnier. However, I must confess that my puritan attitude does sway with the mood. Last year, whilst holidaying in Czechoslovakia, we stayed at a really crummy hotel in Prague. Abysmal is not the word, although it might have merited some praise in the KGB Hotel Guidebook. The toilets were especially poor, although clean. It was just the primitive feature of only having four wcs to cater for a floor of some 30 rooms – the seat was always warm and the air invariably fetid. Sat there one afternoon, my gaze settled on the beige coloured wall, totally unblemished other than for layer upon layer of past years' beige coloured paint. In a flash my resolve weakened and cracked and I leaned forward with Biro and scrawled *Lord Lucan was here*. No doubt my effort was wasted on the countless Russians, Poles and East Germans, but if one solitary Englishman reads it and has a smile, then the effort was worth it, especially if he be the runaway Earl.

F J S, Milton Keynes

I enjoyed Michael Bland's 'Slugging the Slogan' very much and it brought back to mind a piece of graffiti I came upon in the loo of a Chelsea pub. It boldly read: *The meek shall inherit the earth.*

And underneath someone had written, in small handwriting: *That's if it's OK with all you chaps.*

C C, Greenwich

Ed: Keep scrawling to us with the funniest graffiti you've seen. There's a year's free subscription for the funniest. The Editor's sense of humour is final.

Your excellent article on graffiti prompts me to describe a hilarious example of the 'art' on the french letter machine in the loo of our local. On the machine, the legend 'Manufactured to British Safety Standards' is printed, but below that, three anonymous wags have had their say. The first wrote: *So was the Titanic.*

A few days later someone else had sarcastically added: *But the Titanic sailed into an iceberg.*

After that a third hand apenned the coup de grace: *Then you've obviously never met my wife.*

Actually, french letter machines seem to bring out the best in graffitists, like: *Retreads for extra grip in the wet* together with those two oldies *Buy me and stop one* and *This is the worst chewing gum I've ever tasted.* Or how about *Homes for old semen?* My favourite piece of all time, though, read as follows:

One might think from all this wit,
That Shakespeare had been here to shit.

Someone then added:

That my friend may well be true
For Shakespeare had an arsehole too.

David Morgan, Swansea

I always glance through my boyfriend's *Mayfair* and I am amused to note how the number of bottom pictures has increased and how your customers approve of this development.

Men, of course, are always very interested in girls' bottoms as I have good cause to know. Last summer I joined a mixed party in a three week cruise up the Thames in two cabin cruisers. We were favoured by good weather so we girls wore our bikinis much of the time. After only two days, however, the boys decided that even these tiny pieces of cloth were unnecessary in the cabin. This did not worry me or my sister, who was also in the party, as we both visit nudist clubs at times, but we did insist that the boys shed their swimtrunks also to even things up. To our surprise, knowing what cowards boys usually are, they agreed.

Unfortunately the boys got to know that I am ticklish between the cheeks of my bottom so on various occasions I found myself bent over the cabin table whilst a male hand explored this very sensitive area. I can assure any girl who has not experienced it that to have two boys holding you down and caressing your breast while at the same time the other boy tickles your bottom is really something. It does something to the boys too as we noticed.

Having two boats was most

useful as in the evening we all gathered in the cabin of the larger, which left the cabin of the smaller free for any couple who got so worked up that they needed somewhere private for a short time.

Needless to say the boys had other ideas too. One of the girls in the party had a figure rather like Barbara Windsor and I lost count of the number of times she had her nipples kissed. As she is only seventeen years old this trip broadened her mind quite a lot.

What I found particularly embarrassing was to have to kiss a boy's penis or to have a boy kiss me between my legs in public. In private I don't mind but I don't like it with a mixed audience looking on. The lads' masterstroke though was to make us walk through the riverside towns such as Henley and Marlow in the evenings wearing only thin summer frocks and sandals.

They made sure that we did not even wear a pair of knickers by having an inspection as we went ashore.

It's no joke to stand in a public house sipping a drink and to know that one of the lads for a laugh could hitch up your dress at the back and let everyone get a glimpse of your bare bottom. One has to be very careful too when sitting down not to show anything to the other people in the bar. If you forget, the incredulous look on their faces is very funny.

All walks back to where the boats were moored were quite exciting as one never knew quite what the boys would get up to. At Marlow where we were moored quite a long way up river from the bridge the two lads with my sister (we girls were outnumbered four to six) decided she would look better walking along the tow-path in the moonlight without her dress, so despite her struggles they took it off her. So if anyone in a boat moored at Marlow last August thought they saw a naked girl running along the riverbank very closely pursued by two young men it was not an optical illusion. Needless to say she arrived back on board the boat quite breathless having been assisted over the side by two pairs of male hands.

All in all it was a trip that none of us will forget.

The lads will not let us forget anyway as many photographs were taken and one of them used up a considerable amount of movie film on those three weeks.

P M, London W5

Since I lost my virginity at sixteen – I am now 22 – I have been doing my best to get as many women into bed as possible. I have come to the conclusion that they are, as a whole, a fickle lot.

When I was nineteen I considered myself experienced which, of course, I wasn't. But at this time I met a girl and we had a most erotic affair. I phoned her on a Friday to be told that she had been asked to leave her boarding school and that she was working in a riding school on the coast, where her parents had a cottage.

I finally contacted her and she said she would be delighted to see me again. Saturday night I hurtled the sixty odd miles north and arrived at her cottage almost foaming at the mouth. At about eight thirty we went for a drink at a local pub and things were beginning to spark when in walked some of her horsey friends. I enjoy horses myself but the last thing I wanted to do was talk about Felicity's new three day eventer, so I stayed in the background. By closing time I was drunk and very cross – if it wasn't for the fact that I'd have never have made the sixty miles back home, I would have pushed off then and there. In the car on the way back to the cottage I let rip at her but instead of her becoming apologetic for ignoring me, she became very hoity-toity. When we reached the cottage she stormed into the house, leaving me even more annoyed with myself for not having pushed off. She had to be taught a lesson, so I stormed in after her and she said something like, 'If you're going to be drunk and boring go home.' The red flag appeared in front of the bull. I grabbed her and with her squealing, kicking and scratching I hauled her over my knee, put my right arm over her neck and hooked my left leg over and round the back of her legs so that she couldn't budge. She was still shouting and swearing, most unladylike, and it wasn't until I hitched her tweed skirt up that I think she realised what was going to happen. Her

turn to page 123

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Prim, snobbish Natalie had no apparent interest in sex. But alone for the evening with her sister's loutish boyfriend she began to reveal a hidden side.

Dial S for Seduction

Fiction by Jerry Jago Scott

Natalie had been sneaking glances at the telephone throughout the meal. Morgan ate solidly, pretending to miss the by-play. Stark for an instant against the heavy silver fork, her index fingernail was a disgrace, varnished chipped away from its ragged edge. For Natalie, nail biting was as great a loss of cool as outright hysterics in an ordinary girl. So the nuisance calls with their heavy breathing and obscene scenario really were getting to Good Ol' Nat.

Morgan smiled snidely. The discovery added relish of a kind to the mediocre risotto and wine from a deservedly obscure Balkan vineyard.

Take a memo, brain, he ordered. *We must make a donation to the local branch of the Foul Phoners Association.*

He studied Natalie: a big, heavy, smooth, pale girl with a Roedean accent and a nose whose main purpose was for looking down. Redheads were supposed to be sexy. She had the hair, though it was pulled back and disciplined into not much more than a covering for her head, but lacked the disposition.

Morgan sighed heavily. His spark of malicious pleasure at her uptight state merely highlighted the leaden tedium of spending an evening with Natalie. Their eyes met and slid away again. She wasn't entranced, either.

Natalie loathed Morgan for the – to her – good and sufficient reason that he was . . . He almost chuckled out loud. How would she put it? Well, bugger her, the way *he* put it was that he was screwing her kid sister, Pat. Yeah, right on. And right in, come to that. Which pretty Patty did more often than not. To come is better than to arrive . . . Truth to tell, he only tolerated Natalie for Pat's sake.

I must be crazy, thought Morgan. He'd about had it with Pat, for that matter. So what the hell was he doing here?

Glumly he chased greasy rice and finely diced Spam around the plate in a vain attempt to lose some without actually eating it. Yes, Pat was a disappointing lay. Pleasantly puppyish the first few times, with her cute whimpering and swinging spaniel's ears of hair. But dismally straight in her tastes, unable or unwilling to improvise. What you might call a cooking lay rather than an amusing little vintage.

Natalie, who taught classics and keeping your knees together at a private school for the daughters of bourgois Pseuds, suspected what Morgan and Pat had going for them. Principally, that is, Morgan's stalwart, innovative tool between her kith and kin's honeyed nineteen-year old thighs. In fact Natalie's dislike of the affair, and her inability to do a damn thing about it, gave the screwing of Pat its sole touch of spice.

'I'll clear away, you rest.' Natalie's first words since bringing in the dessert. Polite on paper, but deep-fried in sarcasm. Morgan, despite her fractional pause, sat tight. She so evidently pegged him as a boor that it was only justice for him to play according to her type-casting.

What a cow . . . Just his luck, Pat sharing this cottage with Natalie. Big Sister did go out at night, concerts or the theatre, but not often enough for Pat to make much hay – not to mention rolling in it.

Now Pat was away for a few days in truly rural Bucks, visiting Mummeh and Daddeh. That morning she had made an appeal to Morgan's better nature (a dubious enterprise, but there was a free meal involved.) 'Natalie will ring you later, Morg. She's asking you round tonight. Please go, darling. She dreads being on her own in the cottage – it's that dreadful man who's been phoning.'

Morgan had argued, of course. 'Tell her to get a GPO intercept. The operator makes callers identify themselves before they can get through. That chokes 'em off. Anyway, it's only a heavy breather wanting a bit of help with a hand-shandy.'

A tinny sigh down the line, from Pat. 'Crude devil! Natalie would die rather than explain her private problems to the Post Office. We had the same trouble six months ago and it just died away. Please, Morg, go there tonight. I've answered the phone to this man and he really is horrible.'

Hands slightly puffy from the washing up, Natalie came in from the kitchen to find Morgan slumped on the couch, staring at TV.

'Coffee in a minute, when I get my breath.' Openly resentful, along with a rasp of self-pity. 'I've had a terrible day.'

'Me too,' he countered blandly. Then he cut her down to size before she could continue the oblique complaining. Just by jerking his thumb at the phone. 'Any more from Swinging Radio Perve?'

Natalie swallowed dryly. 'Ugh! I'm trying to forget . . . all that. No, it's been quiet.'

'Night's young,' Morgan commented abstractedly. There was a sports programme, highlights of Bristol v Spurs from the look of it. He hadn't bothered to raise the volume. Peter Taylor, surely, in full flight. Natalie sat beside him; he knew that

ILLUSTRATION BY JENNIFER EACHUS

through the couch cushions shifting. Chris Jones up from nowhere, putting the cross away.

A gust of wind rattled the windows and Natalie shuddered. 'Poor kid,' he mumbled, attention on the screen, and patted her shoulder.

'Please, I don't like that.' Sharp, hostile contempt. Morgan blinked and looked away from tuftily wagging Jimmy Hill, obviously mouthing 'all the skills there' or some such comment. Morgan realised that he was still patting Natalie's shoulder. Even cuddling it, in an absent-minded fashion. Just an automatic response. Cow!

Morgan took his hand away. She couldn't think he fancied her? He caught an LSD-trip image of her, reflected on the screen.

'Wasn't thinking,' Morgan apologised to the figure glimmering on the glass, tiny footballers scurrying about behind the severe white blouse that was more of a shirt, the discreet tweed tube of skirt. He cleared his throat, trying to rid himself of rage. 'Nothing personal.'

'I expect you've got into the habit – with Pat,' she suggested coldly.

His chest hurt with the anger. 'I expect so. Mainly we screw, though. You know: fuck, hump, have it off.' He stood up, continuing the movement to kill the picture on the set. 'Thanks for the food. I'll be on my way.'

Natalie stared up at him, fingers twining in her lap. Colour had rushed into her oval face.

'How dare you talk like that! About my own sister!'

Then she caught her stream of words and changed its direction. 'You're not really going?'

Morgan snorted a laugh. 'Too right. If I'd wanted a quick grope, there are plenty of willing donors. OK, so I touched you. I believe it's known as friendliness; compassion, even.'

Lamely, Natalie said, 'But I'm making coffee.' Voice almost too low to be heard, she added, 'You needn't go. I'm not chucking you out.'

'You couldn't,' he corrected her tersely, but she was trying to smile – unpractised, embarrassed – and he sat down again.

Natalie made for the kitchen. 'I'll get the coffee now.' Relief making her tone jagged.

Morgan couldn't believe it. He'd been coarsely offensive even by his lax standards, and Natalie had swallowed. What the hell went on?

It took him all of two seconds to remember the phone calls.

Of course . . . the cottage was isolated, handy by car for the airport where Pat played at being a ground hostess, and for the school where Natalie worked, but quite a way from other houses.

So here was Natalie, wetting her knickers with fright every time the phone rang. Especially at night. Needing company, even common old Morg's company.

He whistled softly. Couldn't happen to a nicer girl. And he had a lot of slights and snubs to avenge . . .

Morgan checked the racing thoughts. He had to be making too much of all this. Natalie was a stuck-up, snobbish cow. All right, she'd let his comment pass, but probably just to avoid admitting that her precious little sister was getting a terrible seeing-to from a feller she despised.

All the same, it might be fun. Keep needling, to see how much Natalie would take, and how badly she wanted not to be alone with a menacing telephone . . .

Natalie set the tray on the coffee table. 'What's the joke?'

'Nothing.' He patted the couch. His leer was a work of art. 'Sit down, luv.'

It got better the more he weighed it up. Infuriate Natalie, and when she flew to Pat with indignant tales of wicked Morgan making passes at her, it would help him give Pat the Grand Imperial Order of the Elbow, First Class. He'd been considering the GIOE (First Class) for weeks.

But Pat was a clinger and might make trouble. Better all round for her to think the GIOE (First Class) was her own idea.

Jovially, Morgan slapped the cushion. 'C'mon, take the weight off those sexy legs.'

Natalie started to speak, changed her mind. 'I'm going to, don't rush me,' she said defiantly, sitting. His eyes widened.

As she sipped her coffee, Morgan tried another balance-destroying psychological shove. 'You don't half make funny noises when you drink.'

Natalie's coffee went the wrong way. Brown droplets embroidered the snowy bulge of right breast, she choked and whooped. Rougher than called for, Morgan pounded her back.

It felt dense yet elastic. She was a pound or so overweight, but pleasantly so, at once tense and cushiony. Eyes watering, she lost dignity if not reserve.

Morgan put his arm round her waist.

She twisted very deliberately and glared at him. 'Give over, luv.' Morgan increased leer-intensity a notch. This was where she blew her top. 'Real people, a bird and a bloke on their ownsome, they cuddle up. Passes the time, like.'

She sat rigidly upright, willing him to shrivel. Quite the reverse. Morgan's little friend below was beginning to stir and take an interest in the world outside his jeans. The idea, Morgan mused, was to make him feel an idiot by pretending that he wasn't there, while imitating a window dummy. He stared at her openly, arm still around her waist.

Not a patch on Pat. But built like a brick.

Natalie was talking again, staring ahead as steadily as he was staring at her. 'I don't like jokes like this, Morgan.'

'Who's joking?' he enquired innocently.

Stricken silence from Natalie. Paradoxically, he felt a trace of mocking affection – silly, affected cow. He wondered how old she was. Not much more than twenty-five, he guessed. Just acting older and wiser.

Her voice was strained. 'The thing is, I'm not a person who can . . . unwind . . . casually. Relationships aren't easy for me. It's not that I have anything against you.'

Morgan registered wry disgust. Corny! She'd be asking him to think of her as a sister, next. Nice curve to her waist . . . 'Give us a kiss, then.'

Her face was warm and smooth. She had turned it away but he didn't mind. Content to give countless butterfly kisses on cheek, chin, earlobe. He caught a stray wisp of hair in his mouth and tugged it. Natalie grasped and moved, freezing again when he went back to the tiny kisses.

Suddenly and shockingly, Natalie giggled. 'Do stop it. Honestly, Morgan, it tickles.'

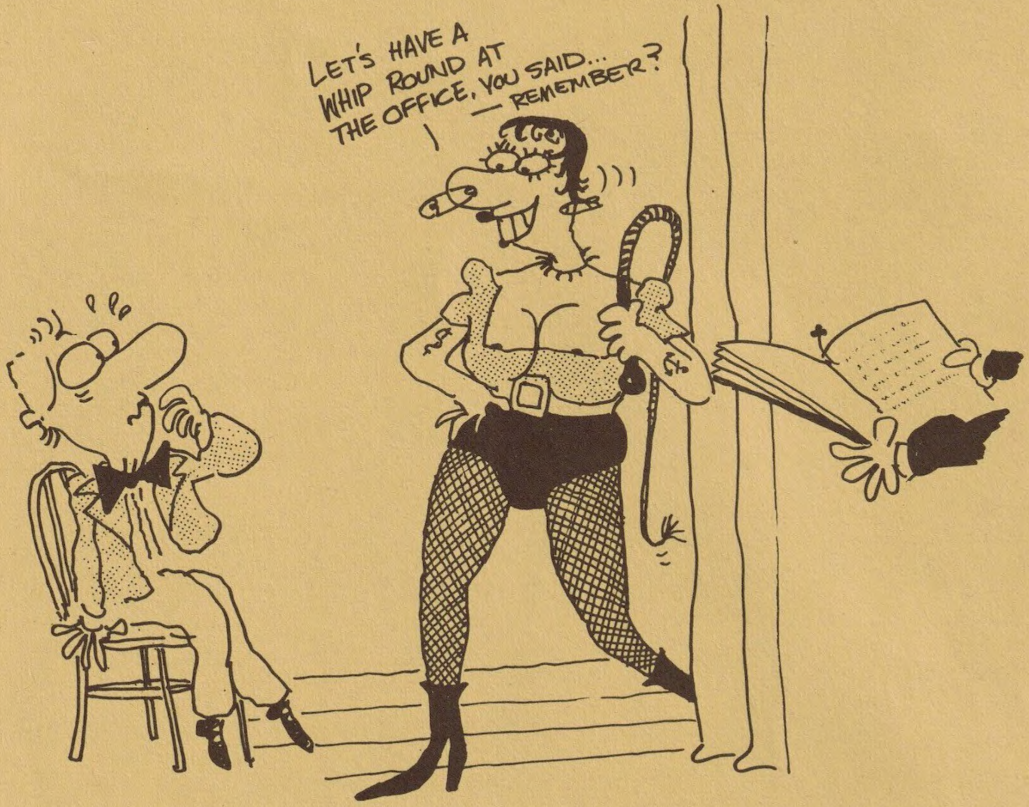
'It's meant to,' he said dreamily. A smell of soap and clean hair in his nostrils. He could *feel* her readying for another gambit. And hear her trying to inject calmness and sweet reason.

'You've made your point,' Natalie began, 'and I think –'

What she thought was academic, because

turn to page 35

'When I said you could use the sheet as a sail I didn't know you were going to have a Viking funeral.'


LET'S HAVE A WHIP ROUND AT THE OFFICE, YOU SAID... — REMEMBER?

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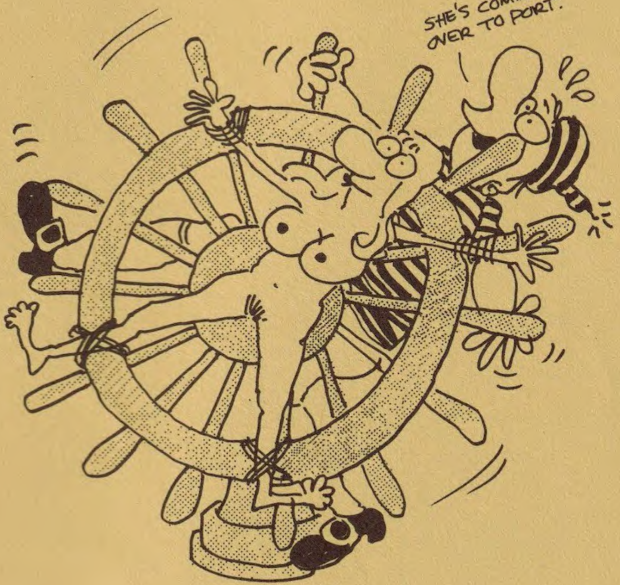
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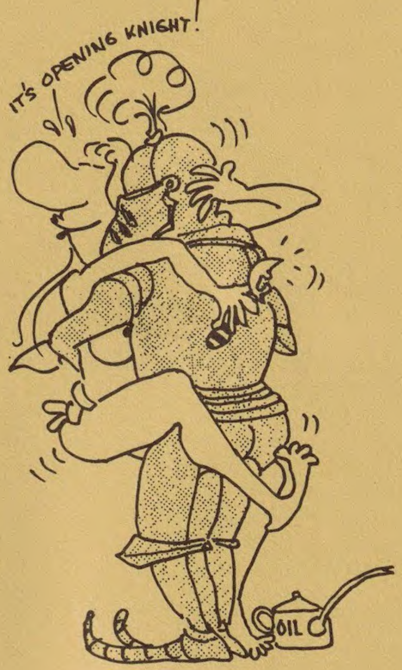

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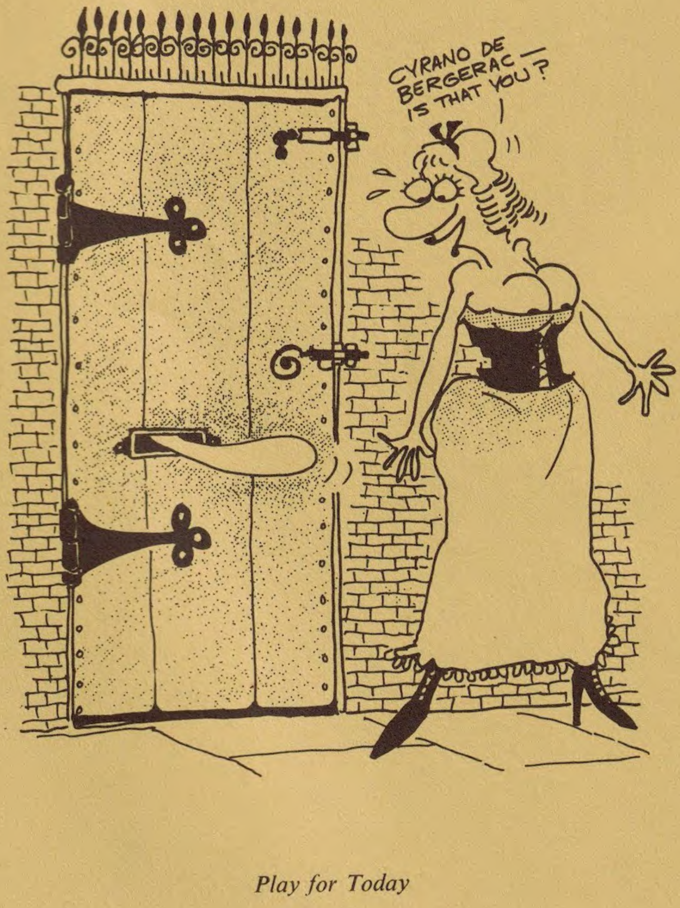
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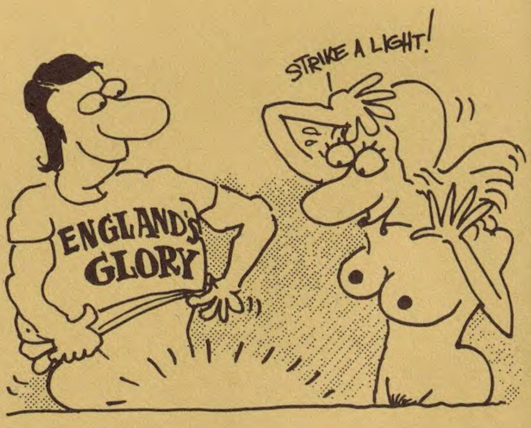

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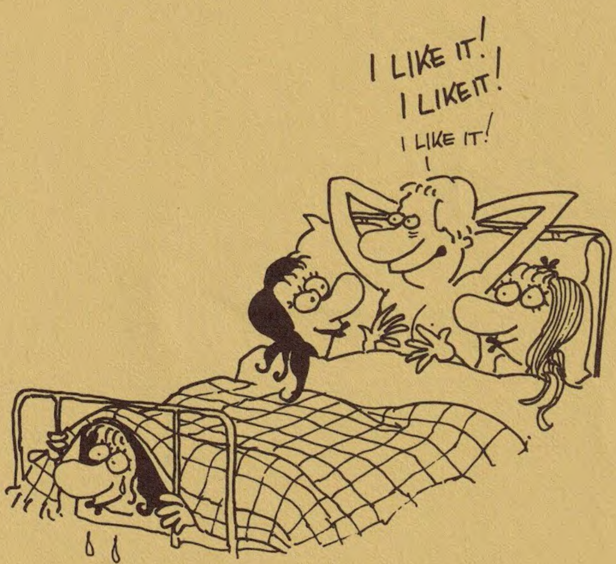
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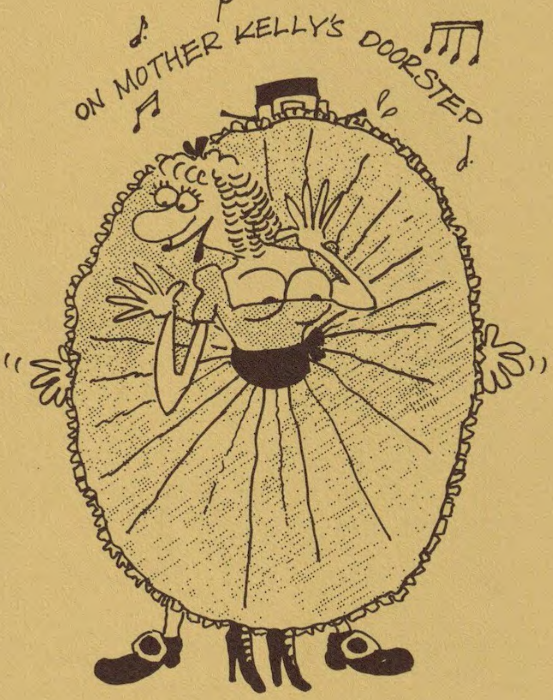

The Good Old Days

OH, NOT ANOTHER TRICKY DICKIE
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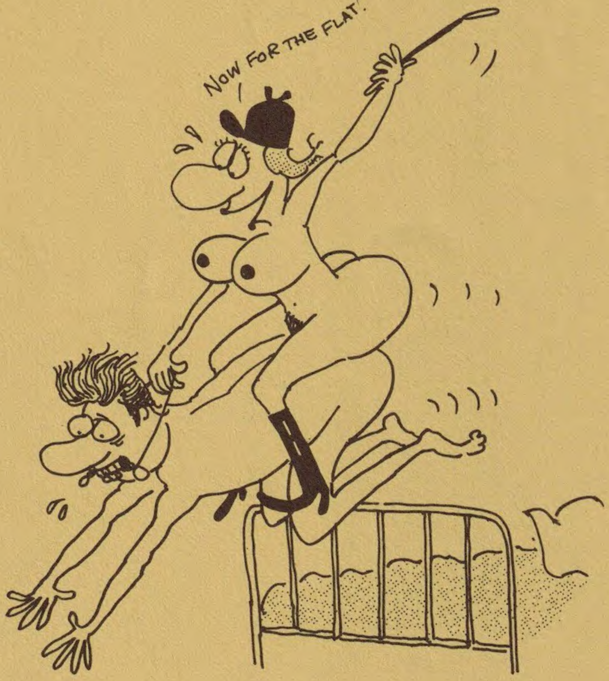
Washington: Behind Closed Doors


NOW FOR THE FLAT!

Sportsnight

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Well, men, do you think they're taking over? Taking over our jobs, our cars, our cigarettes, our homes . . . When they're truly liberated, some of them would have us believe, they take over our women as well. And yet there is a power we can hold over them. And when we exercise that power, that's when we get our own back. Mind you, if we do it right, so do they.

Loyal followers will have twigged by now that the hostile sort of 'they' I'm talking of is: women. And the power we have over them? Why, we keep it sheathed between our thighs – that's when we're not sheathing it between theirs.

My witness this month is American writer Marilyn French. And *her* witnesses contained in **The Ladies' Room** (Deutsch, £5·25) are – women. Or, more precisely: wives.

There's the wife who can only get satisfaction from her plump and tv-besotted husband by taunting him until he grabs her wrists, forces her onto the couch and takes her by force.

Another wife whose physical loyalty to her husband still leaves her long and lovely body (the breasts round and naturally uplifted), hungry, and dying of thirst as she lies alone in bed like a white flower, throbbing and warm and waiting to be picked.

There's the wife whose husband thinks it turns her on if he calls out to her 'Come here, mommy, baby wanna suck your boobs!' And suck he does, while the impassive lady slides her hands down along her own flanks and wonders what it's really like to be held hard and firm and passionately by someone who wants to *own* her.

One husband sucks his wife's nipple until it hurts, and when she pushes his head away assumes that means she's ready and so enters her – even though ready is just what she's not. After each joyless marital coitus this lady would masturbate herself for half an hour or so for a sort of husbandless orgasm.

Then there's the wife who has her affair but though her lover's big prick excites her and his thrust fills and thrills her, the pinnacle of sexual achievement is still denied her; poor lady, she has to find the fun in his orgasm instead.

That's not to say this lady doesn't try. Lordy, lordy, how she tries, When her lover says he adores her vagina and wants to kiss it for simply ages, it takes her simply ages to relax and learn to lie back and enjoy what he's doing. And when she learns that a man's penis (so long as it isn't her husband's) is something to adore in her turn, now her lover has to lie back and learn to enjoy it, too. Dear me, the problems some folk do seem to make for themselves.

Well, that's the scene Marilyn French sets and you'd suppose that when several of such mismatched wives shog off their sexless-sounding mates, they'd opt for total liberty. Take the alimony, take the house, take the car, take the lot.

And while they're about it, take all the men they can find as well. These days, more than ever, ability and readiness is all, and as for willing . . .

So what do the silly bitches do? Why, brothers, chiefest heroine among them all goes and falls in love. And that's why I say we've got this power over them, so if we play our shafts right they'll always be prone to love us as we would be loved. Indeed, when the chemistry is working, we may not even have to shaft at all.

Relaxez-vous, amis: I'm not suggesting we shouldn't. But if the girl's legs part and she becomes wet and quivery at the very sight of our adam's apple, say, or fine, jutting, masculine (wait for it, wait for it) jaw, who am I to resist the opportunity to bask? And if that's the way she is before entry, can you imagine the delights of penetration itself? Marilyn French depicts them, almost pore by pore. First he kisses her, undresses her, crows over her body and caresses her, until she loses her shyness and when he presses his hard penis against her, caresses him, too. When he nurses her breasts and quickly enters her and almost as quickly comes, she's close to tears: it's not fair, she bitterly feels. But he talks to her and perseveres, and almost without her noticing starts to caress her again, gently rubbing her belly and sides and shoulders.

At first, despite a fierce desire, she's horrified when he licks her thighs – kisses her genitals. But he won't let her say no to this. When she tries to tighten her legs, he holds them open until the warm wet pressure of his tongue turns her innards fluid. Now she's clinging to him and he has her breast in his mouth, and the hot shoots are climbing all the way to her throat. But though she's practically crying for him to enter her, still he won't do it.

He rather controls and caresses her, rubbing her clitoris as she makes little gasping cries. Now he enters her, and this time it's her turn to come almost at once. But he doesn't stop, and she comes again. And again. The orgasms subside, but still he doesn't stop.

When she's too tired to keep going, he pulls out and turns her over, propped on a pillow so her ass is pointed up, and then he enters her from behind, feeling her breast with one hand as he thrusts sharply. What a feast, what a frenzy! And when they've finished, they feast again, raiding the refrigerator of salami and cheese and olives . . . Then she feasts again, this time on him: 'She kissed and caressed his body and slid her hands down his sides and along the insides of his thighs, held his balls gently, then slid down and took his penis in her mouth and he gasped with pleasure and she moved her hands and head slowly up and down and wouldn't let him move until suddenly she raised her head and he looked startled and she got on top of him and set her own rhythms, rubbing her clitoris against him as she moved and she came, she felt like a goddess, triumphant, riding the winds, and she kept coming.'

Liberation, you see. But doesn't it sound awfully like the prickly heat of servitude?

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Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

****♡ **Dark Star** (A), 1 hr 23 mins. 'Sergeant Pinback, Sergeant Pinback,' coo the saccharine-seductive tones of an airline hostess, 'it is time to feed the alien.' 'Goddam!' curses Pinback stretched out in his Hawaii beach shirt under a sunlamp in the steel corridors of the United States Space Ship *Dark Star*. 'Why is it always me who has to feed the goddam alien?' The 'hostess' is the ship's computer; *Dark Star* itself a five-man space destroyer designed to seek out and destroy 'unstable' planets, ie those opposed to the US colonization of space. Completed four years ago, *Dark Star* is an ingenious and ferociously satirical sci-fi spoof, arriving just in time to deflate the wonder of *Star Wars* and the pretensions of *Close Encounters*. Far from being galactic heroes, these astronauts are bored almost to extinction by their 20-year mission (though Einsteinian laws ensure that they have only aged three years). While their cramped control room resembles a fine detail from *2001*, their sleeping quarters next door are a slum. Their 'pet' alien – a giant multi-coloured beach ball with claws – communicates by farting sounds and tap dancing and is murderously impish, trapping the disgruntled Pinback (Dan O'Bannon, who co-wrote the script and created the special effects) in a vertigious lift shaft and then tickling him under the arms as he hangs by his fingertips. Meanwhile the ship's 'dead' commander – electrocuted by accident – remains in burbling semi-awareness in the ship's freezer, and the vessel's complement of talking nuclear bombs have a disconcerting tendency to arm themselves without warning – and complain bitterly when ordered to return to the bomb bay. Its deadpan approach fades occasionally into vacuousness, but it's a small carp in a film that can easily claim to be the cinema's first black comedy of space.

♡♡♡ **1900 (X), Act I 2 hrs 9 mins, Act II 1 hr 59 mins. Cut from a staggering five and a half hours, this tale of two Italians – both born on the same day in 1900, one the son of a peasant, the other of his father's patrician landlord – can claim to be the first Marxist epic ever financed by Hollywood. Unfortunately for the audience, the Marxism triumphs over the epic qualities, so that two not enormously exciting parallel family sagas are chopped and distorted to justify a political message – which hurts the politics just as much as the story. To be fair director Bernardo (*Last Tango in Paris*) Bertolucci intended a non-realistic tale in his original version, but is too talented not to throw away cinematic highpoints: patriarch Burt Lancaster fondling a peasant girl's thighs and lamenting his inability to rise to the occasion; Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu sharing a young whore's bed only to find she's epileptic – before De Niro (as the wealthy son) goes on to tumble actress Dominique Sanda extremely graphically in the hay. Earthy, beautiful to look at, but finally ludicrously melodramatic.

***♡ **The World's Greatest Lover** (AA), 1 hr 29 mins. Comedian Gene Wilder writes, directs and stars in his own version of the Valentino myth. Wilder is Rudy Hickman, a disastrous Milwaukee baker, who goes to Hollywood in 1926 to audition – among several thousand others – for the role of the world's greatest lover.

Fast free-wheeling slapstick merges well with Wilder's own brand of highly neurotic comedy: particularly when he teaches his new bride (Carol Kane) sex by numbers behind a mercifully drawn curtain. 'Right now we'll try number eight. Don't stop number six; you must never, *never* stop number six!'

*♡ **The Devil, Probably** (X), 1 hr 35 mins. Subtitled. A sensitive, intelligent but otherwise unlovable Parisian student pays a drug addict to shoot him because he cannot face a polluted, acquisitive, spiritually barren modern world. Fine if you agree with him, intensely annoying if you don't. A very, *very* bleak film.

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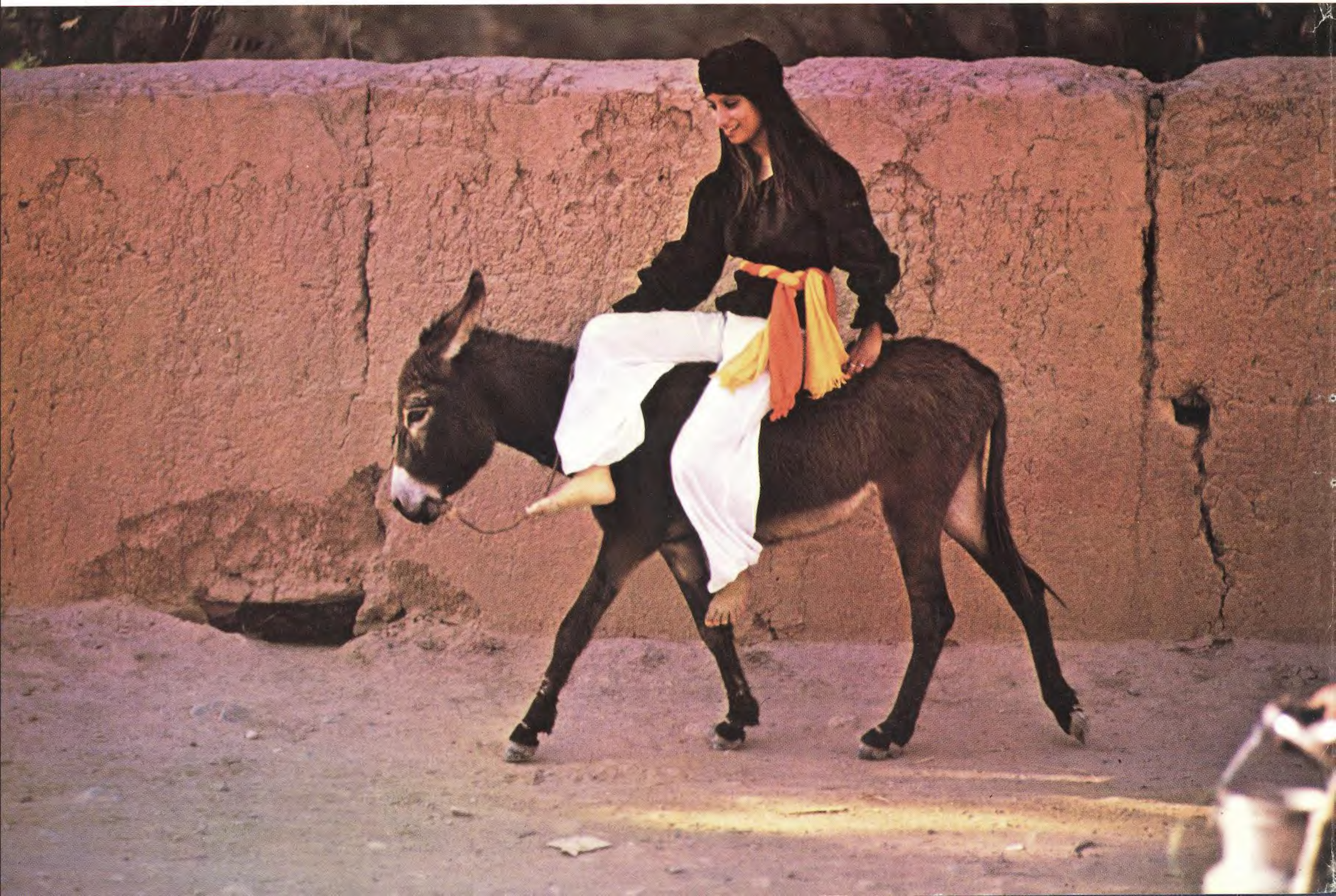
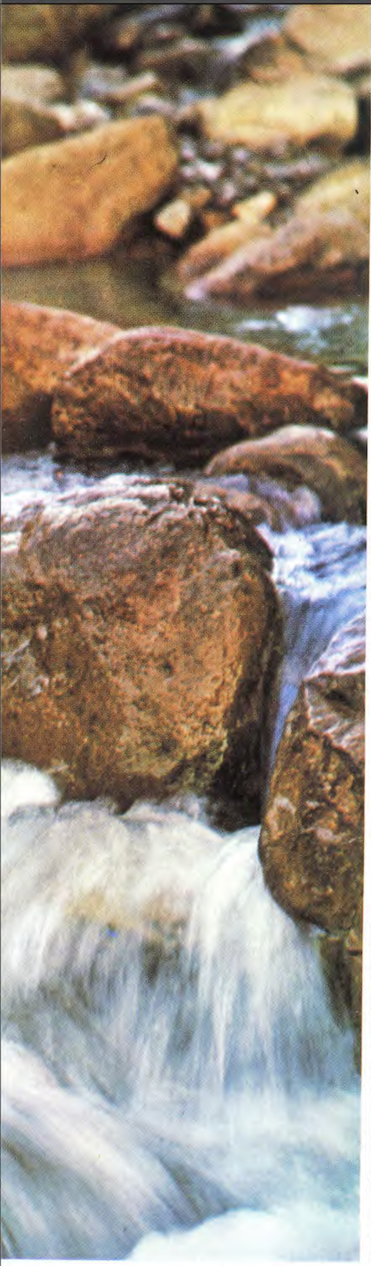
Grace

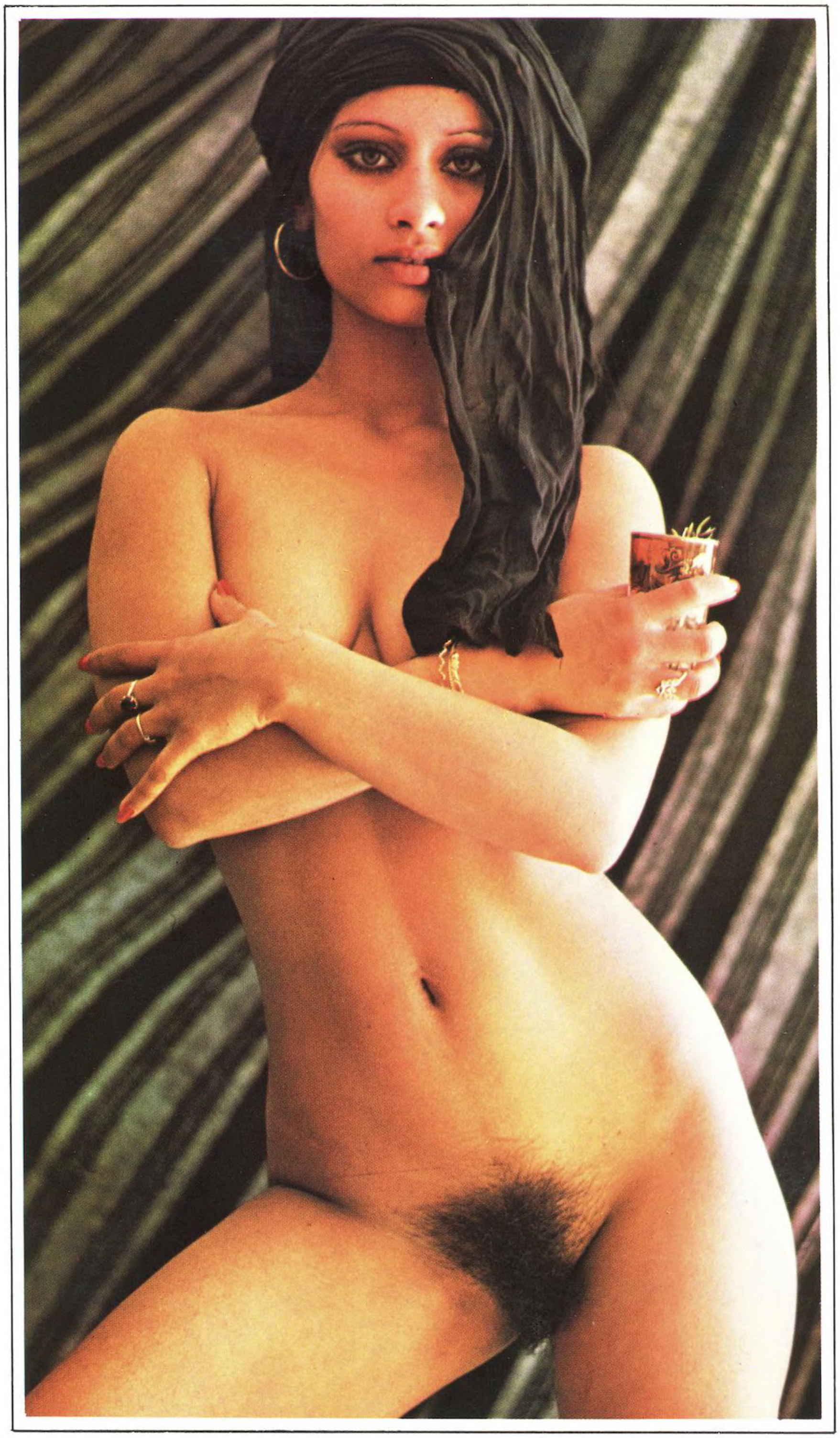
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN OLIVER

When planning an early season holiday a couple of months back, our photographer Stephen Oliver eventually plumped for Morocco. Just the place, he thought, to get a particularly nasty English winter out of his system. But photographers being photographers, even holidays are a time of work, so when Stephen saw what appeared to be an Arab girl on a donkey, his mind soon turned to us and a spot of on location glamour work.

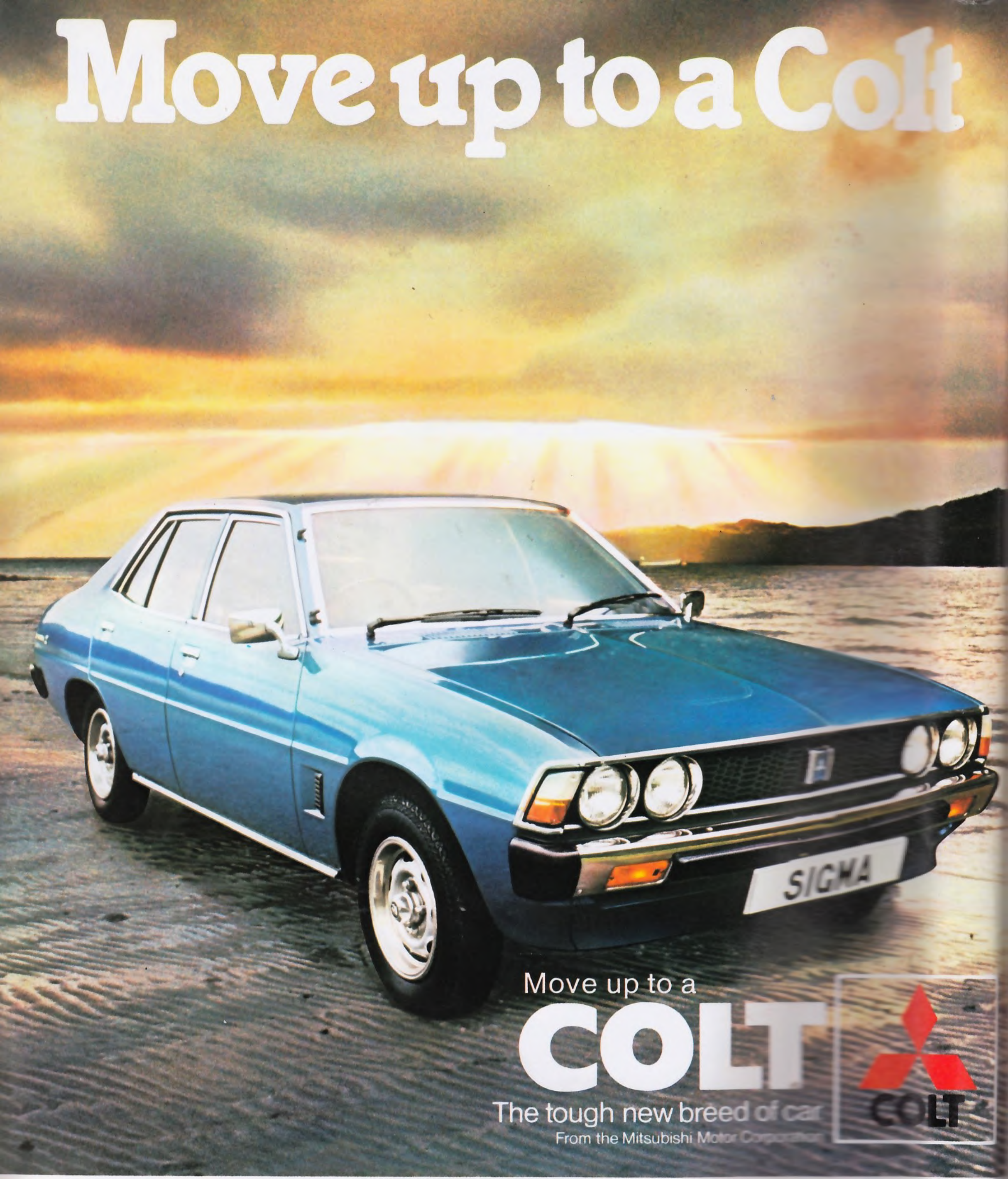


Now Stephen's Arabic is a million miles from fluency, so with a beguiling mixture of charm and sign language, he attempted to ask the girl to strip for his camera. But imagine his surprise however when from behind the veil, a particularly English voice emerged, 'I'm Grace Barefoot,' announced the voice. 'I'm 19 years old and I come from Gillingham in Kent.' After recovering from his astonishment, Stephen whisked Grace away from curious onlookers to Little Marrakech, just outside Agadir, for the shoot. 'It was,' recalls Grace, 'all very amusing. For some reason all the Arab men watching thought I was Sophia Loren!'





'And,' continues Grace, 'we got tracked down by some little boys and had to bribe them to go away.' Back from exotic climes, Grace's 34–22–34 returned to the more down-to-earth confines of the Joe Coral Social Club in Gillingham where she works on the club's bingo sessions, occasionally helping out as a caller. When the final pot has been won, Grace, who was schooled at the local Woodlands Girls' High, heads for *The King's Head Wine Bar* in Rochester High St, or perhaps the *Scamps* disco in Chatham's Pentagon. Social scene apart though, we're more than fascinated by Grace's unusual surname. 'Ah,' she smiles, 'Barefoot is an old Yorkshire name. That's where a branch of my family hails from originally. It's a cosmopolitan mix in fact as I owe my colouring to a branch which has Indian forebears'.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Dial S for Seduction

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she made the error of turning her head to share the wisdom or theory or claim or whatever and Morgan glued his lips over hers. She wasn't kissing back but it seemed that she might have trouble breathing through her nose, and her mouth opened. Morgan allowed her an inhalation, and proceeded to explore her tongue. She tasted a little like Pat, like the smell of a puppy's breath, a healthy young puppy. With the slightest hint of garlic. Body still rigid.

Yet it was Morgan who broke the clinch. 'I'd better be making tracks. It must be way past ten o'clock and I'm just a working man, early start and all that.'

She looked past his shoulder, and her expression changed. 'No, it's early.' She managed a martyred smile and subsided, chin tilted up. This time, her mouth was open to start with. He took it easy, rubbing the very tip of his tongue inside the corners of her mouth and, when she responded, sucked her tongue, but agonisingly gently and delicately.

A fraction of Morgan's mind, cool onlooker monitoring all data from a command module in orbit well away from his aching loins, reported that the scene was . . . well, on-turning for more than physical reasons. Few men realise it and fewer still admit the fact, but contempt is a potent sexual spur. For weeks Natalie had nettled him. Petting with her, basically against her will, although force was not a significant factor. Deftly, using a hand sandwiched between their two bodies, Morgan undid the top buttons of her blouse. Her breast filled his hand. Her teeth scraped his lip as she pulled away so violently that she slipped partly off the couch, sprawling on a hand and knee.

The blouse tore open, a button whirring on the parquet beyond the rug. He couldn't take in everything he saw – it reached him in an explosion of images, jumbled.

The curve of her belly as she slid past him, profiled in the widening vee of the blouse. The ripe, fabric-swelling curves of her breasts. A raised, stitched seam on the nearest cup of the brassiere. Natalie lay awkwardly, face jammed against the edge of the couch, struggling to lever herself up. Blood-drums thundering, Morgan reached down and around, trapping a full globe in each palm, glorying in the sensation. And squeezed luxuriously.

'Oh, let go a minute, it *hurts*,' she snivelled.

'That's never a sprain. You've just given your wrist a little jar.' Morgan had pulled her back up on the couch, cooling over the alleged injury while retaining his hold on one breast, as of right.

Natalie breathed out, face pale, hair escaping from its slide and beginning to make a weird cross-hatched pattern where individual strands stuck to her forehead.

'I've heard of tearing a girl's clothes off . . .'

'You did the tearing,' he informed her cheerfully.

'I must go and change.'

'In a minute.' Morgan was implacable. 'You're a dark horse, Nat.' You've got fabulous tits, and I never guessed. Truly fantabulous tits.'

'Don't talk to me that way.'

'They're your lovely tits, darling. I can't tell anyone else.' He kept his voice wheedling and level, jollying her along.

She obeyed without thinking, and he unclipped the bra. Natalie cried out at her own stupidity, making a futile snatch behind her back to capture the fastening, during which diversion Morgan had twitched the cups down. For all her misgivings her nipples were jutting.

She tried to get up, caught in an ungainly squat when he prisoned her breasts and drew her back so that she landed with a dust-raising thwack. Sniffling, teeth worrying her lower lip, her emotions were plain. Blouse hanging limply from her shoulders, bra pushed free and tangled on her midriff like a grotesquely slipped bib, she was ashamed of looking a mess.

Empathy told Morgan that, it was a guess owing nothing to his eyes, for to him, she looked fine. Her breasts were not in the least slack, despite their size; but their mass, under the force of gravity, gave them a swooping line with the prominent nipples tilting upwards.

Natalie wriggled uncomfortably. Her voice sounded rusty. 'If I let you . . . feel me there . . . will you let me go and change in a minute?'

Morgan nodded. 'Better get that gear off, if you're changing.'

Natalie fell for the implied agreement. He was amused and touched at the prim way

'Doctor – I'm going thin on top!'

she folded blouse and bra. Her skin was goose pimpled, and she made no fuss when he cuddled her, appreciating the warmth and failing to notice that the embrace was easing from sitting up to reclining.

Pinning her, unobtrusively, Morgan traced her left nipple with his tongue before enclosing it, swirling around the little tower and sucking fiercely.

The sofa squeaked; Natalie was straining up, buttocks grinding into the cushions as she pushed her breast into the hot, living whirlpool. Eyes closed, she moved blindly when he released the nipple, shifting to present him the other breast.

He used the opportunity for a quick inspection. The skirt was well up her thighs and – lucky break – she was bare legged. Kissing one nipple and rolling its companion between finger and thumb, he waited his moment.

Morgan slid his hand along her thigh up her skirt.

Natalie shouted, thighs clamping shut. The noise she made was a protest and a plea, and ringing through it was knowledge that she had been tricked.

Morgan shouted right back. 'Calm down!' His hand was in a vice of flesh, only just in contact with her crutch. They were staring into each other's eyes.

Less loudly, he went on: 'I'm not into the rape thing, sweetheart. I can go, now. If you want.'

And incredibly, although her grip was desperate as ever, she stayed where she was. 'It better . . . had stop,' she panted.

Morgan smiled and kissed her, a casual pressure. He could just move the prisoned hand, rocking its edge against her slit, the skin and flesh of her thighs dragging at him, making muscles complain in his arm and shoulder.

He desisted for long enough to encourage her tongue to play with his, and then returned to the rocking, sawing movements. Natalie convulsed, sputtering, trying to argue through the kiss.

'Just a blood-eh *minute*.' Head jammed against the angle of arm and couch back, her cheeks and forehead were varnished with perspiration, the hair tumbling into snakes and billowing waves.

'All the time in the world,' he assured her. Giving her nipples a brisk tickle of the tongue.

Natalie sniggered helplessly. 'I didn't *mean* that. It's going too far – it's my fault too, I should never have let you – '

'Fault? You make it sound like a crime.' He kissed her, and her thigh muscles relaxed. His hand was galvanised, leaping to cover and hold her sex.

Natalie wasted time and energy on pushing against his shoulders as well as locking her thighs again. Morgan, her castle walls stormed and the siege within sight of victory, flexed his forefinger, running it the length of her slit.

Natalie bucked as though touched by a live electric wire. Her hands left his shoulders and caught at his wrist where it disappeared between her legs.

But by then his finger was between her labia. Gloved in the panties, which proved promisingly damp, the intruder twisted. Only a quarter turn in each direction; she held his wrist, the panties restricted the rotation, and his arm was breaking.

Eyes shut, 'seeing' with that finger, Morgan explored the hot threshold to her core. The fine grain of the panties was being drawn across those supremely sensitive lips, now on the outside, now sliding across a fraction of the inner surface as her labia pouted at the stimulation.

Concentrate: her breathing pattern filled his ears.

He listened like a submariner operating on Asdic. Quarter turn clockwise, quarter turn anti-clockwise, pause, assess. Lighten the pressure a trifle, for he did not want her sore. Repeat, pause. With less than a quarter square inch of saturated material – Natalie's briefs were stretching under his attention – and that much more range of movement. Probe with the fingertip.

Natalie's breathing was coming under control once more – not good, return to the turning, using the length of his finger parallel to her labia. Better.

Morgan had to admire Natalie's self control or sheer stubborn resistance. But the slow fingerwork, hardly greater than a brushing pressure, was sapping her determination.

Her lungs were labouring and the purposeful hold on his wrist was losing power, her panting gathering tempo. In terms of oxygen demand Natalie was running and surmounting hurdles and running again . . .

And her mound was splitting like a ripe fig. Morgen opened his eyes.

Neck arched, jaw set, teeth dry, Natalie writhed in slow motion, seemingly immobile except for the tiniest rise and fall of her hips. Fascinated, he watched her breasts altering shape as if by magic, when the angles of her body changed and changed anew.

The skirt had ridden up until it was a tweed rope around her hips.

For a moment he thought it was the rasping of her breath, not speech at all. Then it

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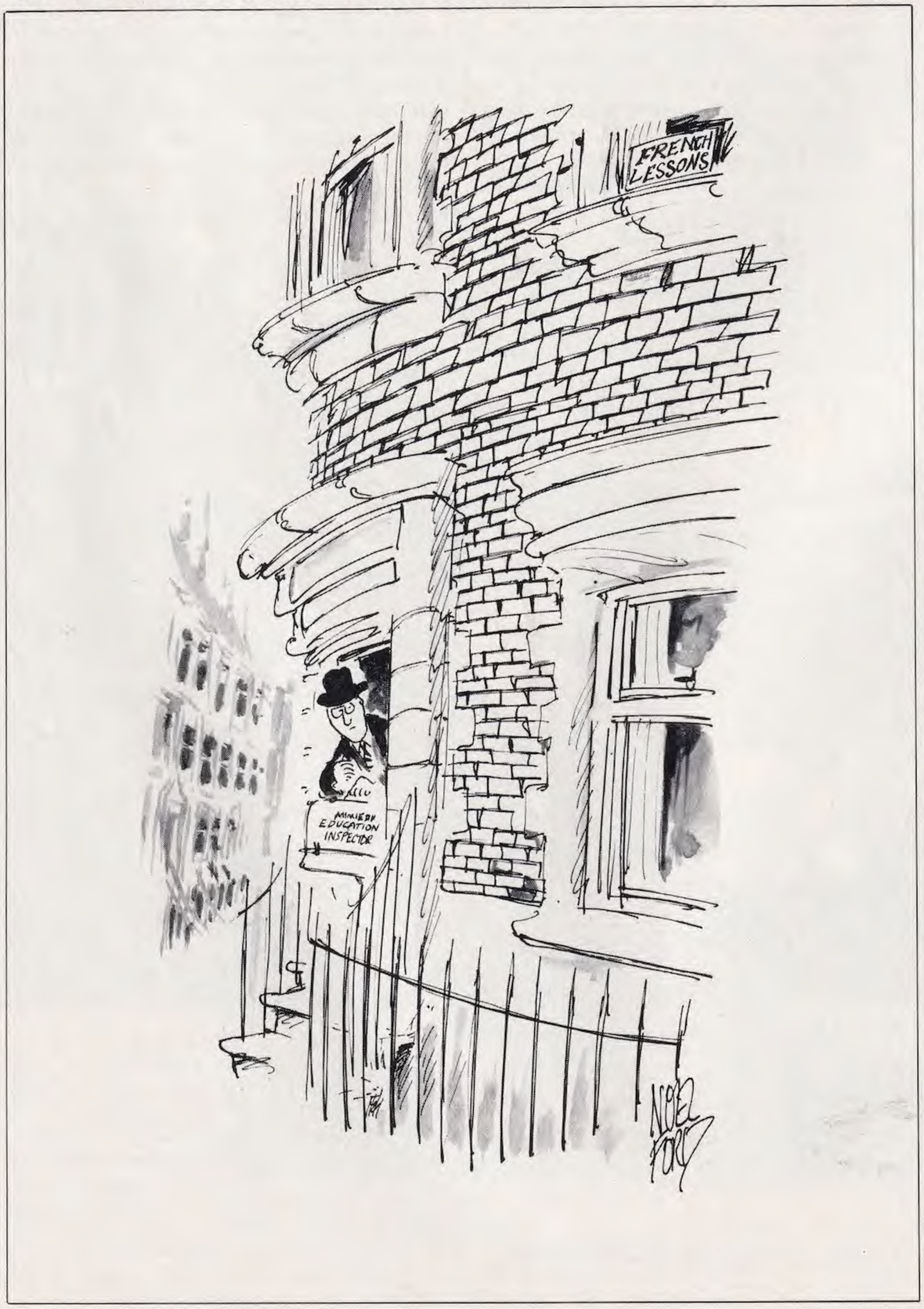

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Hailed as the Hurricane's successor, the powerful but unreliable Typhoon was destined to become the deadliest ground-attack plane in the RAF's armoury.

TYPHOON: THE RAF'S ROARING TRAIN-BUSTER

By Tony Jeeves

The distinctive figure in the field grey Wehrmacht uniform strode purposefully down the steps of the II SS Panzer Corps headquarters in Normandy, casually acknowledging the presented arms of the two sentries with a cursory wave of his Field Marshal's baton. Erwin Rommel, the 'Desert Fox' had little time for the strutting men of the Schutz Staffeln and, besides, he was in a hurry to return to his own HQ at La Roche-Guyon.

With scarcely a pause he climbed into the waiting Mercedes staff car, alongside his aides Major Neuhaus and Hauptman Lang. There was little time to waste for in mid-July 1944 the Allied Forces were firmly established in France and the Field

On a typical lone 'Rhubarb' raid over Europe a Typhoon destroys a train with a rocket salvo.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

Marshal felt he should devote all his time to containing them.

As usual, the car drove into the small town of Livarot. Today the route was more congested than usual, a convoy of German trucks had attracted the attention of the British fighter-bombers and their burning remains littered the roadside.

Remarking on the urgent need to eliminate tell-tale plumes of dust when driving in Normandy in daylight, the Field Marshal ordered his driver to take to the side roads to clear the town as soon as possible. Eventually the Mercedes rejoined the main road on the other side of Livarot.

Just as he was beginning to believe that they had escaped, the driver heard Sergeant Holke, whose job it was to keep a watch for Allied aircraft, shout that a pair of fighters were diving down behind them. He looked in his rear mirror and could clearly see the yellow nose and huge, gaping air scoop of a British Typhoon only feet above the road rapidly eating up the ground between them. His foot stamped automatically on the accelerator and he swung the car into a side turning just as the leading edge of the aircraft's wings burst into crackling flame.

The first burst of cannon fire ripped into the staff car killing Daniel, the driver and putting the Mercedes out of control. The car spun across the road before hitting a tree stump and spinning in the air.

The unconscious Rommel lay in the road 20 yards behind the car. The second Typhoon pressed home the attack trying to finish off the remaining occupants and it was more than 45 minutes before aid could be brought to the critically injured Field Marshal. The Typhoons, which had rapidly developed a reputation as a scourge of the skies over Europe, had claimed their most important victim, although the pilots of 193 Squadron, who had made the attack, were not to know until long after.

While Rommel survived his critical injuries, he had been effectively removed from the German General Staff for, while he was recovering from his fractured skull, he was forced to commit suicide, accused of complicity in the plot to murder Hitler.

For the Typhoon it was another routine attack of the type that had made daylight movement for the German troops in France almost impossible and was proving this particular aircraft to be the most formidable ground-attack aircraft in the Allied armoury. Yet this role was due purely to accident; its original purpose had been as a faster, higher altitude and more heavily armed successor to the Hurricane and Spitfire – a role in which it had failed miserably. The Typhoon had originated on the drawing board of Sydney Camm, Hawker's chief designer and author of the Hurricane. He foresaw the need for a new fighter that would fly at least a 100 miles an hour faster than either the Hurricane or Spitfire and that would be able to carry at least 12 machine guns as opposed to their eight. He was not alone in his far-sightedness for engine manufacturers Rolls-Royce and Napier were working on designs for the next generation of powerplants, engines that would push forward into the then almost un-dreamt of 2,000 horse power range.

Both engines eventually carried 24 cylinders although configuration differed in detail. Where the Rolls-Royce 'Vulture' powerplant was built by joining two 'V' engines on a single crankshaft to form an 'X', the Napier design which they called the 'Sabre,' had its cylinders arranged to form an 'H', laid on its side, driving twin shafts.

When the Air Ministry published its own specification for a new fighter, it tallied almost exactly with the Hawker design. The one divergence was in the question of armament where the Air Ministry wanted four cannon fitted in place of Camm's 12 machine guns. It was hardly surprising therefore that the contract for further development should be awarded to Hawker.

The Camm design had been made with the Sabre engine in mind but the Air Ministry stipulated that with a project as advanced as this there should be more than one option in the choice of powerplant. They asked for prototypes to be built for each engine type so that comparative studies of performance could be made. The names 'Typhoon' for the Napier-engined prototype and 'Tornado' for that with the Rolls-Royce engine were coined.

When the prototype was eventually built, it looked very much like a scaled-up Hurricane. It was in fact larger all round, with a wingspan of 42 feet against the Hurricane's 40. It also stood a good two feet higher, but the main difference was in its weight, for the new aircraft weighed almost seven tons, twice the weight of a loaded Hurricane.

The start of the war had placed pressure on the project and this led to the inevitable teething troubles. The Napier project was particularly affected and so it was that the Rolls-Royce prototype, named the 'Tornado,' was the first to take to the air in late 1939. The Napier-powered 'Typhoon' followed four months later. By this time Hawker had been awarded a firm contract for 1,000 aircraft, 500 Tornados, 250 Typhoons and a further 250 of whichever prototype proved most successful.

No sooner had the test programme begun than all aircraft production was switched to meet the demands of the forthcoming Battle of Britain. Development of the new aircraft was halted until early 1941 when it soon became apparent that the Vulture engine was going to be too heavy and too low in power to come anywhere near the design specification. The Typhoon was rushed into squadron service before testing was complete, with an impatience that was going to prove costly in men and machines. Although the Sabre was producing its intended power, it was very nearly as troublesome as the Vulture.

The engine was complex and temperamental and each ground crew needed to learn the individual peculiarities of particular engines before they could guarantee

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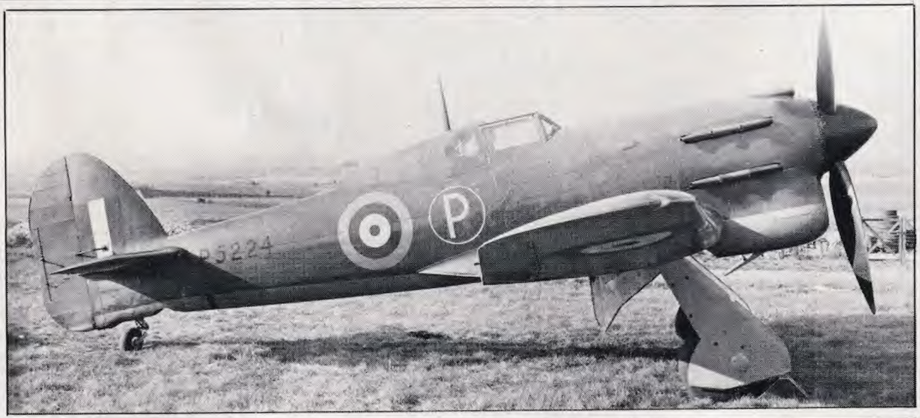
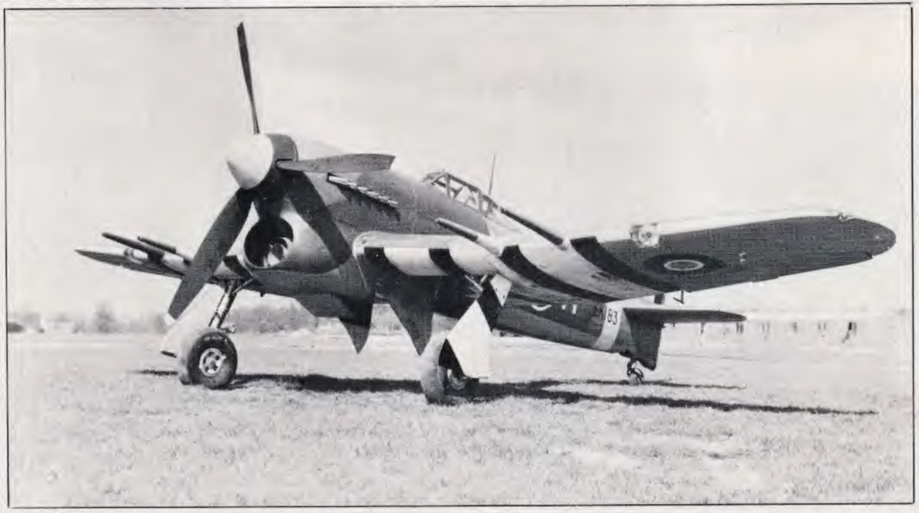
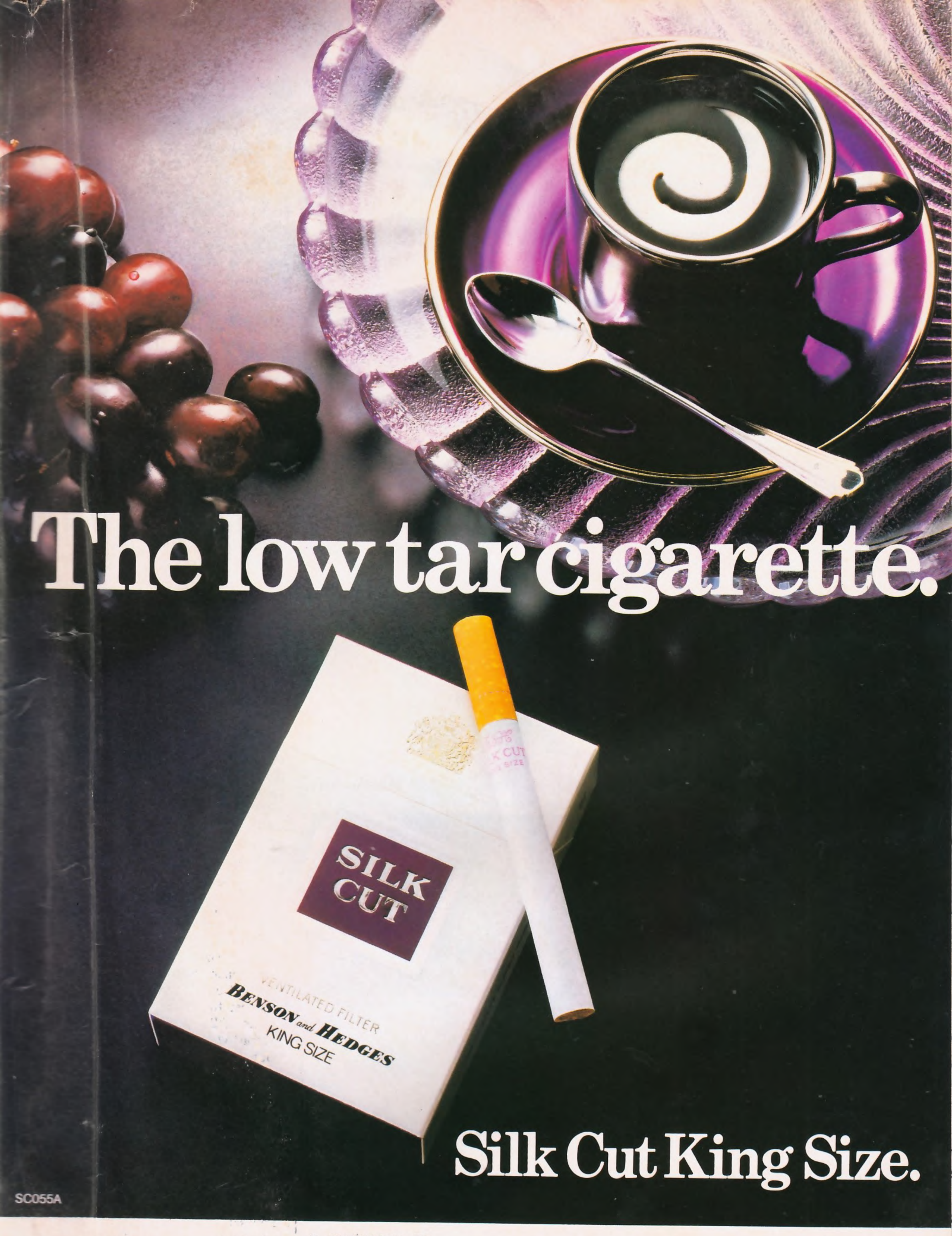




Top: the Tornado, a Typhoon prototype resembling a scaled-up Hurricane, abandoned in 1941. Below: a 1943 view of a four-cannoned Typhoon with its distinctive white nose.



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Typhoon

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anything like an easy start. Fire was a major problem of the starting procedure for, if the Sabre failed to catch first time, explosive petrol vapour was apt to escape through the exhaust system to collect in the air scoop under the nose. Subsequent attempts at starting could start a conflagration and it thus became standard procedure for a member of the crew to stand by with an extinguisher, ready to perform the unenviable task of dashing in through the propeller arc at the first sign of flame to fill the scoop with foam.

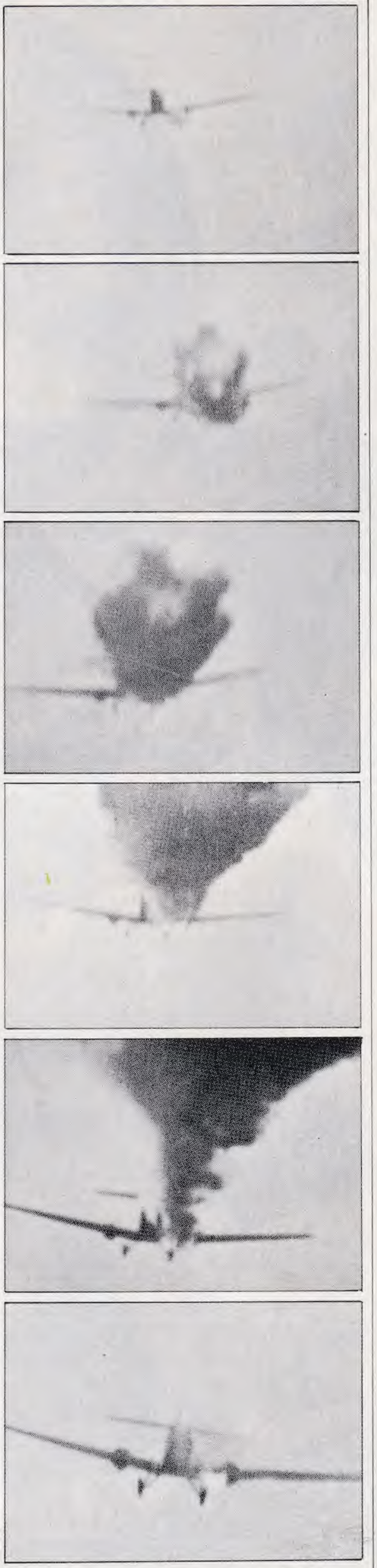
As the Typhoon went into squadron service it met considerable resistance from pilots detailed to fly it. Many were converting from Spitfires and were reluctant to leave their sleek, graceful and responsive fighters for the huge, ungainly and sluggish Typhoon even though it was the first RAF aircraft to have a speed in excess of 400 miles an hour. Their reluctance was reinforced by the tales that were soon circulating of unexplained losses when aircraft burst into flames in the sky or simply fell apart.

The Typhoons were also failing to meet design specifications, performance being poor above 20,000 feet where it had originally been intended to operate. There were problems with rearward visibility from the faired-in cockpit which the pilots felt made them vulnerable. The final straw from the pilots' point of view was that, in the split seconds before an attack was made, the Typhoon could easily be mistaken for the German Focke Wulf 190. At least two Typhoons were shot down in this way by 'friendly' aircraft, before they all had their noses painted white to aid identification.

By this time, the RAF had moved Fighter Command on to the offensive and were mounting large fighter sweeps over the enemy mainland to harass the Germans and to show the flag to the occupied countries. The sweeps were made at high altitude and it soon became obvious that the Typhoons were being embarrassingly outclassed by the Spitfires and Hurricanes which they were intended to replace.

A strong, influential faction began to lobby to have the Typhoon withdrawn from service and scrapped and there was very little opposition to this proposition. Ironically, it was the Focke Wulf 190 that provided the Typhoon with the temporary salvation it needed. The fast German aircraft were making bad-weather, low-level nuisance raids on the South Coast of England with increasing frequency and in ever larger numbers. The Spitfires and Hurricanes were too slow to do very much about the raids whereas the Typhoons, at the height at which the raiders were operating, could comfortably knock them into the sea.

Although by this time experience had allowed the pilots and ground crews of the Typhoon squadrons to overcome many of the aircraft's minor faults, there was still one major problem that was dogging the Typhoon – the unfortunate tendency it exhibited to break-up in the air with almost invariably fatal results for the pilot who had no time to bail out. At least 28 aircraft broke up in this way and, at most, two pilots lived to tell the tale. The solution was found by chance when, in late 1942, a service Typhoon landed at Hurn near Southampton after the pilot had complained of the whole aircraft shaking uncontrollably. It was taken to Farnborough where it was found that the elevators had been subjected to 'flutter' and were severely damaged. From this evidence it did not take the boffins long to discover the cause – a weight hung under the elevator to balance the control surface was inducing the flutter and soon this was becoming strong enough to rip apart the tremendously strong monococque structure. Immediately, the weight was moved inside the elevator and the Typhoons ceased to disintegrate.



Camera gun shots of a Belgian Typhoon pilot shooting down a Junkers Ju 52, an incident typical of numerous 'Rhubarb' raids over France and the Low Countries.

Even with this terrifying problem solved, the Typhoon was not popular. The pilots hated the cockpit because of its limited visibility and also because the car-type door through which they entered, allowed exhaust fumes to seep in from the engine, forcing them to wear oxygen masks even when taxiing.

The Typhoon had one champion in the person of Roland Beamont, commanding officer of 609 Squadron, one of the first to be equipped with the aircraft. He had been involved in the early test programme of the Typhoon and had been impressed by its strength and stability in the air. He saw great potential for the Typhoon in the ground-attack role where its lack of performance at altitude would be unimportant and where its speed, strength and stability as a gun platform would be distinct advantages.

Beamont's arguments were persuasive and he soon gained permission to take the war into the enemy's backyard to attack targets of opportunity as and when they presented themselves. Shipping, road traffic, trains, shore establishments and airfields were all open to him, the only rules were that such attacks were a spare-time activity and subsidiary to 609 Squadron's main task of knocking the marauding Focke Wulf 190s into the Channel.

Given the nickname of 'Rhubarbs', the missions initially involved two aircraft flying in bad weather during daylight and they gained some notable successes. The idea was extended to include solo missions made at night and although the initial reaction of 609 pilots to such voluntary nocturnal goings-on was cool, as more and more nights went past with Beamont returning with tales of successes against trains in the Somme area, more pilots started to put their names down to take their turn. All candidates were put through an extensive course of night flying and navigation and only the best were picked. In the first three months, 609 chalked up no less than 100 trains destroyed. Soon the Intelligence Corps were providing a regular schedule of enemy train movements for them.

Flying their seven-ton machines only a few feet above the waves – an experience doubly alarming because of the tendency of

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Clean hair.

Clean shave.

Clean cut.

Clean teeth.

Nothing can beat that feeling of being clean and fresh.

And nothing can beat Close-up toothpaste for a cleaner-tasting mouth and fresher breath. Of course Close-up has fluoride for healthy teeth.

But its special strong clean taste is what makes all the difference.

Close-up. You can't get fresh without it.

'The glue factory,' recalls Fiona, 'was called Vito's and I worked there for a short while after leaving the King's Lynn College of Art and Technology which I attended part-time after leaving the West Walton Secondary School. I must admit that as far as the factory's concerned, I was a bit of a walking disaster area. They used to call me "The Disaster Kid" in fact. I kept on doing things wrong, you see, like spilling glue all over the factory floor. I'm not really clumsy—more unlucky, but I thought less was likely to go wrong if I turned to modelling and that's something I've wanted to do ever since I was five years old.'

The start of Fiona's modelling career led initially to local jobs in the Wisbech area before her *Mayfair* breakthrough. 'Yes,' agrees Fiona, 'the local jobs were fun—I even went to Corfu once for a calendar, but more often it was back down to earth with modelling jobs for local firms like Bodger's Tractors.' Away from the camera, you're likely to find Fiona listening to the music of the fifties, or catching a sexy film at her local cinema. 'I enjoy them,' she laughs. 'They don't turn me on or anything but they can give you a good giggle. They're all so deadly serious.' An accusation that could hardly be levelled at Miss B.

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Woolblendmark
Trousers

Typhoon

continued from page 42

the Typhoon's temperamental engine to sound rough at low altitudes – the pilot would peer through the eery red combat lighting of the cockpit to catch the first pale streak of lightness that signalled enemy coast ahead. The margin of error was minimal. If the engine failed and the aircraft ditched, the enormous radiator cowl would involve very rapid and almost certainly fatal deceleration. And travelling at close to 400 miles an hour, the pilot would have only one opportunity to clear cliffs and coastal fortifications. Once overland, however, he would climb just high enough to pinpoint his position on the large-scale map strapped to his knee. If his navigation and intelligence reports were correct, he would soon make out the telltale plume of steam that marked a German train. But even then he would have to act quickly, for at the first sound of his aircraft's 37-litre engine the train crew would shut off steam and his marker would be lost. Often using the rails as a guide, the pilot would line up for a low approach, directing the fire of four 20 mm Hispano Suiza cannons into the oncoming railway engine. An enormous gout of steam from an exploding boiler, perhaps a quickly stifled burst of fire from a flak wagon at the rear of the train – hastily aimed at the sound of the approaching attacker with little hope of hitting it – and the Typhoon would be gone, in a fast climbing turn which would allow the pilot to survey his handiwork before a swift, low-level return to base.

The Typhoon pilots, despite their early misgivings were now flying the kind of operation for which the Typhoon was ideal. Very slowly they gained a high regard and even affection for their enormous charges. They found that the Typhoon could absorb a vast amount of punishment and still get them home. One, in an attack on a flak ship, had a shell explode on the spinner and another in the port wheel bay where it set off the cartridges for the Coffman starter. This started a fire which burnt the electrical wiring system and set fire to the breather pipe for the main wing fuel tank. The fire buckled the wing skin but the pilot was able to land at Manston airfield with his plane still ablaze after a flight from Walcheren Island.

As later marks of Typhoon came into the squadrons, the pilots found that many of their points of criticism had been removed. The cockpit had been improved by fitting a perspex 'blister' in place of the 'greenhouse' canopy of the early models and reliability, while by no means perfect, had achieved manageable proportions. There were now full lists of volunteers for the Rhubarbs and these sorties were proving a major irritation to the Germans, and a morale booster to the people of the occupied countries. Many exiled continentals were members of the Typhoon squadrons and the occasional Rhubarb provided them with the opportunity to settle private scores.

One such was Belgian Flight Lieutenant Jean de Selys Longchamps who had long cherished the idea of an attack on the Gestapo headquarters in Brussels. Each request through channels was met with a firm rebuff. One morning in January 1943 he took off for a Rhubarb but this time carried in his cockpit a Union Jack and a Belgian flag. When he climbed down from his aircraft an hour and a quarter later he just grinned at the station intelligence officer and said, 'I've done it.'

On his Rhubarb he had attacked and destroyed one train and then set a course for Brussels. The Gestapo HQ was at the end of the two-mile-long Avenue de Louise and he made his approach along the Avenue, below the level of the buildings on either side, avoiding trees and other obstructions on the way. As he flew along the Avenue, he could see people leaping from trams and others waving as he made his startling progress. When the grim building was within range, he aimed carefully not to injure any of the Belgian spectators and fired his first burst of cannon shells into the upper floors. He moved the stick down to repeat the operation on the ground floor and waggled the Typhoon from side to side to spray shells across the whole width of the building. Just in time he pulled the aircraft over the roof and was able to see smoke issuing from some of the windows. As he climbed, he opened his cockpit and pushed out his flags. More than 30 Gestapo agents were killed in the raid and de Selys received, after a minor ticking off, the DFC.

Another Belgian took the opportunity of visiting his mother's house after one daylight Rhubarb and circled around until his mother and fiancée appeared from inside to wave. A Junkers 88 was attracted to the scene by all this activity and the Typhoon pilot had the satisfaction of shooting it down within sight of both women.

By mid-1943 the Rhubarbs had really caught on as an alternative to propping up the mess bar and were reaching further into enemy territory, covering large areas of

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Top: Tempest Mk V with four cannons. Below: Tempest Mk II with a bomb load. Successors to the Typhoon, they were very much the aircraft the Typhoon should have been.

To enjoy the erotic appeal of a slim ankle or the unique delights of a foot massage, you don't have to be a fetishist

The sex life of the foot and shoe

By David Cohen

The Sex Life of The Foot and Shoe is a title that sounds so unlikely that we better pause a second here.

Before reading any further, I must ask you to take off your shoes and socks. Wash them – your feet, not the socks – in warm, slightly scented water. Are your soles and ankles and toes sitting (if that is the apt word) comfortably? Right,

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE FARRELL

then, hold on to them. You don't want them to fly off in the excitement to come.

Every part of the human body can become erotic. For most of us some parts are more erotic than others. Far be it for me to impose my own erotic priorities on others but, I confess, till recently I had thought that feet came pretty low down. But, until recently, I had not read that inestimably interesting book called *The Sex Life of The Foot and Shoe* by William Rossi.

Rossi has been in feet and shoes for over 20 years. Among his other distinctions, he has edited America's leading foot journals and appears to be editor-in-chief of *Boot* which is, I might add, a wonderfully straightforward title for a magazine. You certainly know what it's about. (By comparison other magazines are really very vague. Is *Punch* a boxing review? Is *the Spectator* about voyeurism? And even *Mayfair* might be confused with a guide to London's West End.) With *Boot,* no such confusions can be entertained. Rossi's work in the *Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe* is a labour of love and scholarship.

Rossi has assembled an enormous amount of evidence to show that since men and women first crawled about, feet have been attractive. Stone Age women, for example, appear to have worn something like platform shoes which would have had the effect of heightening the contours of the Stone Age bottom when Stone Age Miss walked. The erotic possibilities of the feet were well known to the Egyptian Queen Hatsheput who used to prepare for her lovers by going through footwork. Her feet were scented and rubbed with oil of ani until they glowed as though dusted with gold. Then she reclined on a couch while palace eunuchs tickled the bottoms of her feet with peacock feathers to 'bring her to a pitch of sexual readiness'. This prompts some valuable historical questions like – what did it do to the poor eunuchs and should not Queen Hatsheput have taught her lovers some of these skills?

Rossi believes that Cleopatra once kept Antony from discussing the pressing matter of Caesar by pointing her toe gently to Antony's naked thigh. Antony at once grasped her foot and covered it with kisses. They did not discuss Caesar. Rossi also speculates that in the Bible the foot was linked with female sexuality and that 'by the hair of the foot may have meant pubic hair.'

Rather better proved is the fact that in many European myths, the foot clearly stands for the penis while the shoe stands for the vulva and female organs. Thus one 'thrusts' the foot into the shoe or boot. (But what about shoe horns?) Forgetting that point, there certainly are a number of old myths that seem to link shoes and sex. An old Anglo Saxon toast to the groom at the wedding went: 'May you fit her as this old shoe has fit me.' Often, the groom unties the bride's shoe at the wedding symbolising in days of antiquity, virginity and all that, the opening up to occur later in private. In Sicily young women sleep with a shoe under their pillow to improve their chances of getting a husband.

Rossi claims that these are not just quaint customs. The foot and shoe are an erotic couple symbolising coupling. And if you are tempted to look on it all as a bit of a quaint joke, it is worth recalling that in one culture this love for feet took a grotesque and cruel turn.

In ancient China girls had their feet bound from a very early age. The idea was to produce a very small and elegant foot. In fact, what was produced was a total deformity. But Chinese men found these 'lotus' feet enormously attractive. Sun Mu-Han, a nineteenth century ambassador to Russia, gave an interview on this custom and said: 'The smaller the woman's foot, the more wondrous the folds of the vagina. There was a saying,' he added, 'the smaller the foot, the more intense the sex urge.' Binding the feet which restricted their development obliged the body to compensate by developing another part feverishly. The Chinese believed that this extra development took place in the vagina to which all the forces sucked away from the foot flowed. Sun Mu-Han continued his interview (though one does wonder what organ of the super-respectable nineteenth century press carried it) by stating: 'Those who have personally experienced these folds in sexual intercourse feel a supernatural exaltation. So the system of footbinding is not really oppressive.'

But, in fact, this practice so delighted Chinese men that they could find the sight of an ankle or a mincing gait supremely erotic. The art of foot massaging the penis was brought to a high pitch. Nevertheless, women and their feet did pay a price for all this. When the Communists came to power in China, they outlawed all footbinding but found that it was a difficult objective to achieve.

This Chinese practice, of course, had the result of forcing men to learn how to make love to feet. Many sex manuals gave detailed instructions on how to hold, fondle, massage and caress the foot. There were lotus foot societies all over China which discussed novel ways of using your feet. These societies went into print and among the manuals (is that the right word again?) they published were *Lovebird on One Foot* and *Heavenly Hooks in Palms.*

The passion that the Chinese had for the foot serves to show how very erotic the foot can become. It can become as sensual and mysterious an organ as any other organ you care to name. In his book, William Rossi argues that in the West we have far too long denied our feet their true possibilities. He sounds a little bit like a preacher at times but, he does have something of a point. He writes: 'We have become a nation of foot cripples while the real truth is concealed from us; the truth that the foot is a vital member of the erogenous family and the shoe is its sensual partner.' Close study of the foot certainly shows that it is well endowed with sensitive nerve endings that respond a great deal to touch.

Even prostitution can extend to feet. In London, there are apparently what are best called foot brothels. One evening while visiting our shores, Rossi was taken to what he christens The Palace of Pedic Pleasure. Its madam explained its function. 'Our girls are very special,' she said. 'The most important thing is that their feet must be very beautiful – slender, very mobile feet with smooth skin and long, flexible toes. Then we teach girls how to become experts at pedic lovemaking.'

Rossi inquired what the girls did with their

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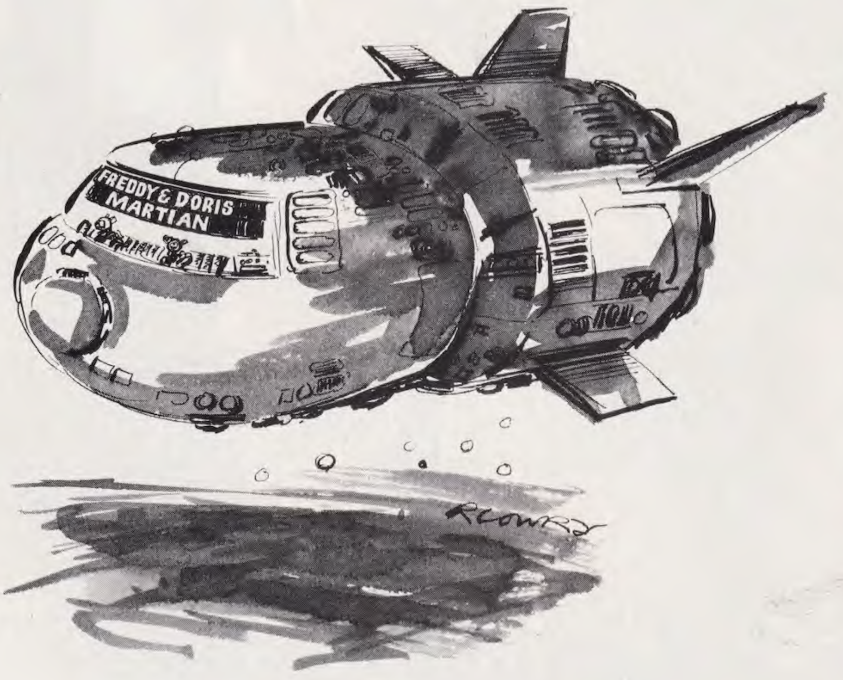

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If you put your foot down too far on the Dolomite Sprint, you may find a rather unwelcome figure putting his foot down firmly on you.

Because beneath the deceptively languid lines of the Sprint, there lurks an engine that can whisk you from 0-60 in 8.4 seconds. And from 0 to an illegal 71 mph in about 11.4 seconds.*

An acceleration that not only leaves other similarly priced cars standing but also leaves many much pricier cars with egg on their face.

Which may explain the Sprint's consistent success on those occasions, where performance, so far from being frowned upon is actually encouraged. Namely car rallies.

Not that speed is everything. If there were competitions for comfort, the Sprint would be a comfortable winner too.

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All features that should improve your motoring pleasure for many years to come.

Providing, of course, that you don't put your foot down too far.

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*'Motor' test figures are quoted. 0-70 mph acceleration 11.3 seconds. 0-60 mph acceleration 8.4 seconds.

From Leyland Cars. With Supercover.

The sex life of the foot and shoe

continued from page 54

feet – or, indeed, what the girls, feet did to the clients.

The madam replied; 'Our clients are what you'd call normal men. They come here to get laid. But they have something in common – they enjoy sexual foreplay with the feet. It can take all kinds of forms; having the penis massaged by the girl's feet; or putting the penis between the girls feet; or sucking the toes of the girl; or using the big toe to insert into the vagina; or holding or kissing the girl's feet while they're being laid. Lots of different ways.'

There are enough foot lovers to keep the Pedic Palace in business. In Paris, Naples and Berlin, similar institutions flourish. And a few films in recent years have catered specifically to foot lovers. Titles include *Deep Toe* and *Big Toe*.

Those who work in the foot brothel insist that their clients are not perverted foot maniacs who are unable to enjoy normal sex. Rather, the clientele consists of men of great sophistication who know how to use their feet as well as anything else.

Playing footsie has always been regarded as innocent fun leading to yet more fun if you play footsie right. But the role of feet in sex has unusually been viewed as strictly limited. Since about 1900 psychiatrists have been interested in fetishism; foot and shoe fetishists were among the first studied. They were viewed with a mixture of curiosity and sympathy. The assumption was that anyone who was so infatuated with feet had to be ill and would welcome a cure. It was reckoned that people became foot fetishists because at some crucial point in their sexual development they focussed on the loved one's (or laid one's) feet or shoes. For example, in the course of losing his virginity, Mr A was looking at his girlfriend's shoes and touched them. Ever since then he associated sexual pleasure with shoes. This became so intense that he could not enjoy sex unless he was seeing or touching a shoe. He even needed a shoe or foot to become aroused. Psychiatrists considered such an obsession with feet or shoes to be an illness that needed to be cured and many fetishists did come seeking cure.

But in our general fear of fetishes – for we like to think of ourselves as normal and the abnormal does frighten us – we have tended to look on any sign of interest in feet as perverse or at least a little odd.

One result of our greater understanding of sexual behaviour is that we need not look on everyone who fancies feet as being some sort of sexual misfit who needs pity and treatment. You can fancy feet and be normal. You can incorporate foot play into your lovemaking without feeling guilty and thinking you should reach for your doctor, priest or guru.

In other words, love your feet more – for you can use them in love.

And feet lead quite naturally to shoes. You may remember a hit song of a few years back called *These Boots Were Made for Walking – And Someday they're gonna walk all over you.* Might this song have been so successful because it touched on many secret fantasies about boots?

Shoes certainly have more to them than meets the eye. Psychologists have long suggested that we wear clothes just as much to show ourselves off sexually as to keep ourselves warm. Shoes are very 'sexy' since we 'thrust' our feet into them. This fact has usually been clear to the human race. In mediaeval times there was a very popular type of shoe called the *poulaine*. The design of its fur trimming was so obviously modelled on the vulva that the Church banned them as too obscene and the Pope preached against them.

Modern shoe designers often do recognise that they are in the sex business. To them a shoe has a personality. With most shoes one of its functions is to show off the sexual attractions of the wearer. Even the rugged climbing boot can have a certain sexy *je ne sais quoi.* And many women's shoes are obviously designed to make them look – and feel – sexy. But if shoe designers have accepted this (and Rossi points out that some of the greatest designers have, naturally enough, been shoe and foot fetishists) many shoe companies have not. They want to be respectable and cling to the idea that what they are really selling is footwear, not sexy fantasies in the shape of shoes. But a number of recent advertising campaigns especially for boots have been frankly sex-oriented.

If shoes can be, and usually have, a sexual point, it would follow that our personalities can be reflected in the shoes we wear. To know what your date is really like, you might look at her feet rather than into her eyes, though it does not sound quite so romantic. Some studies reveal, at least, five kinds of *male* shoe whose labels speak for themselves. First, there is the sensual shoe. There is the peacock shoe. There is the machismo shoe and, especially, the machismo boot. Then, poor dear, there is the eunuch shoe which is sexless. And finally there is the masculine shoe which is elegant and male but not aggressively fancy – the kind of shoe you'd buy at Harrods. The shoe you wear tells you the man you are. In Britain it is reckoned some 15 per cent of shoes are openly sensuous; 15 per cent are peacock; 45 per cent are masculine; 20 per cent are eunuch and five per cent are machismo. In Latin countries sensuous, peacock and machismo shoes are far more common.

By and large, people have been ashamed of admitting that feet and shoes drive them wild. Probably, it has been easier for foot lovers than shoe lovers since a foot is, at least, part of the human body. The reason why in China the passion for small feet became so extreme and so violent may have something to do with the fact that the Chinese in some sense felt it was wrong. When we love something we think we ought to hate, the love can become very cruel indeed. Of course, it can be odd and funny like most aspects of sex. But, when all is said and done, it is much better that we recognise what our feet can do for us and what we can do for our feet. And enjoy our feet for all the sexiness they give us.

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KARIN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Karin Westwood's house, hidden away on the borders of Shropshire and Worcestershire, is a haven of calm in a world of hustle. The loudest noise you're likely to hear is perhaps the friendly chuckle of the nearby River Rea or 20-year-old Karin's favourite piece of music – appropriately enough Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony.* The mood is languid; dream-like almost. But idyllic? Karin smiles, a trace of shyness, an echo of little-girl-lost strangely at odds with a 36–24–35 figure. 'Yes, I suppose to some the life here would be near-perfect. I love it. I've never liked big cities as they're so impersonal. In this part of the world everybody seems to know everybody and they always stop and talk to you. No-one's ever so busy that they can't stop and chatter for a moment or two.'

Karin pauses to brush away an errant whisp of honey-blonde hair. 'I'd miss it so much if ever I had to move away from here.' She gestures towards an old punt. Weather-beaten but much-loved. 'That's my car if you like. Some people might like drives in the country but I don't see how they can enjoy that if they're constantly breathing in horrible smelly petrol fumes. On the river you can just relax and drift away.' She laughs. 'Literally! You can see so much from the river that you'd miss from the road. And it's all so beautifully quiet.' That it is, the silence only broken by the sound of water gently lapping onto the grassy bank.

And company? 'You mean boyfriends?' asks Karin. 'Yes, I enjoy their company. We're not so secluded here that we never meet a soul, but any relationship has to be on my terms. If a boy can live in my world, that's fine. If not . . .' She shrugs expressively. 'Some people who know me will think that these pictures are out of character, but they're not really.' She smiles wickedly – wildcat displacing wood-nymph. 'Making love in the open air is so, well, erotic. I can't think of any other way to describe it. At night's best; a warm starry night.' She closes her eyes, lost in private reverie – a dream of sensual delights.

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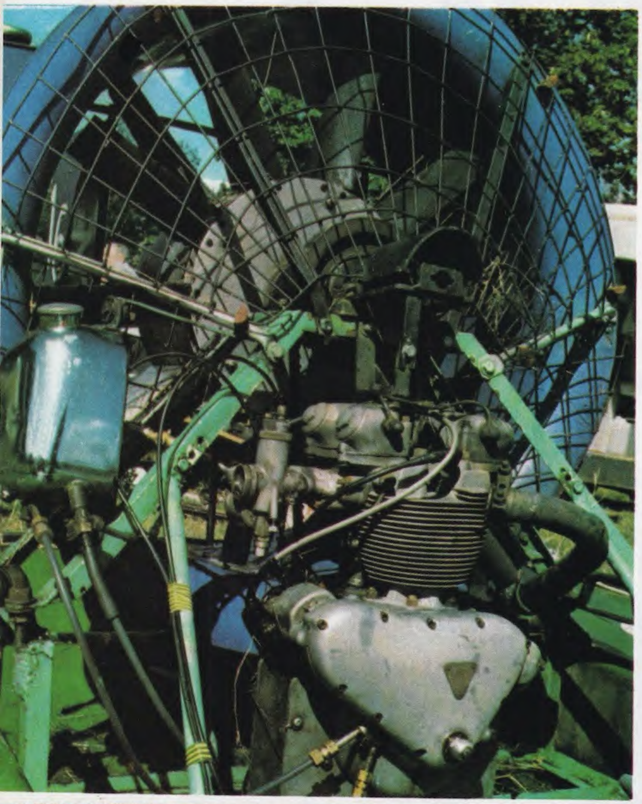
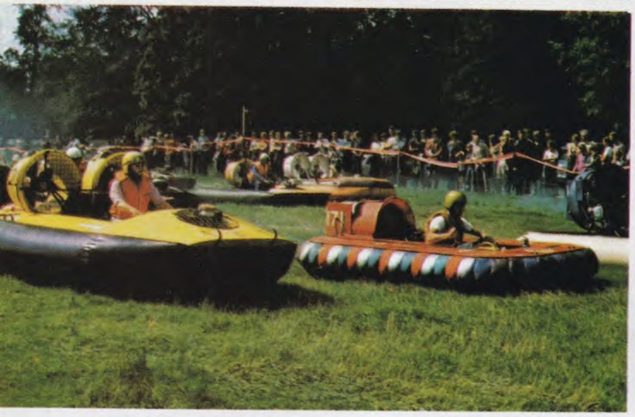
RACING ON THIN AIR

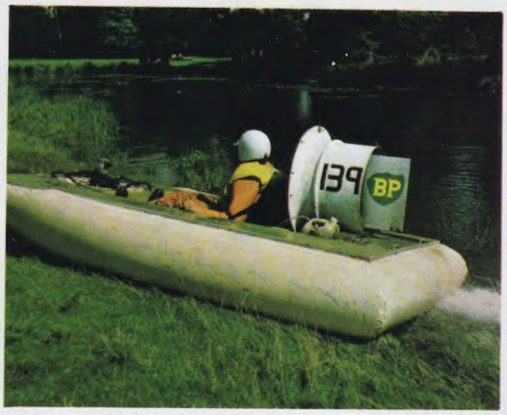
Photographed by Andrew Morland



Speedy, amphibious and developed exclusively by amateurs, Britain's racing light hovercraft lead the world in a great new sport

It is rare indeed that sporting amateurs can pioneer a startling breakthrough in technology – even skateboarders and hang glider enthusiasts have to rely heavily on professional engineers. But today one class of British amateurs can make that unique boast – in the skimming, high-powered shape of the light hovercraft. Since the first full-scale air cushion craft appeared in 1959, millions of pounds have been spent on developing large passenger and cargo-carrying machines. But the development of light two-, or at most four-seater craft has been left to the private enthusiast, who, often with little or no engineering knowledge, has designed and built his own machine from common DIY materials and engines culled from invalid chairs or even lawnmowers. As a result the Hover Club of Great Britain – now the world's foremost light hovercraft promoter – was formed in 1967 when the first national racing championships were held. 'We only had three or four machines going round an area of land the size of a football pitch,' says club chairman Keith Oakley, otherwise an electronics engineer. When the craft ventured on water, almost half sank; the rest barely reached two or three miles an hour. Last year over 40 craft raced over an amphibious course at speeds up to 50 miles an hour. The breakthrough came in 1970 when light hovercraft first went 'over

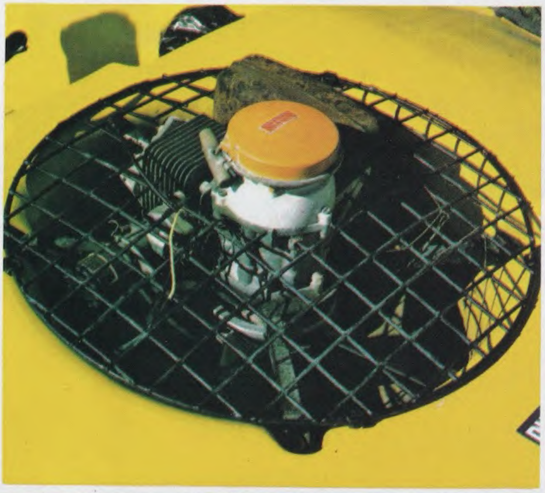


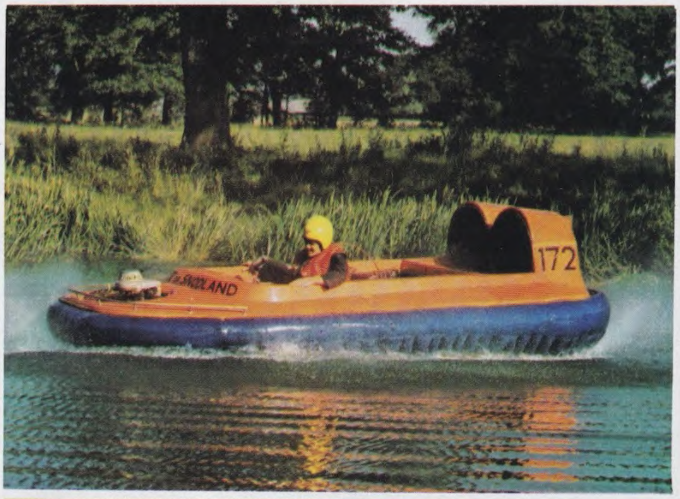


Facing page: the 'Eccles' 200 light hovercraft designed, built and raced by R. Cresswell, drawing away from the pack to win the over 500 cc class in the 1977 Hovercraft Racing National Championships at Stanford Hall near Rugby. Below: the Tempest II, a standard 'Snoopy' design craft with a segmented or 'finger' skirt to maintain its air cushion. This page, top: a Triumph Tiger 500 cc motorcycle engine used for forward propulsion, a typical power unit. Below, left: a Scarab 10 kit-built machine with (right) a kit-built 'Simple Cyclone' model. Right: 'Draftee' powered by a German Stihl engine.

190
TEMPEST II

the hump,' solving the problem of maintaining an air cushion over water instead of simply displacing their own volume in a hail of spray. The solution had already been reached in large craft; it was left to the amateurs to adapt it to lighter machines. Today large numbers are still designed by their owners. Proven designs circulate widely and most production models – all created by ex-amateurs – come in kit form. Costs for all types vary between £250 and £800, depending on the engine, which is invariably borrowed from lightweight motorcycles, snow-mobiles and even chain saws. There are three major configurations: the integrated system in which a single engine supplies both lift and thrust; the two-engine, using one for each function; and the three-engine system, with twin thrust units for added speed. The 'skirt' which retains the air cushion can also come as a simple 'bag,' an inflated tube round the edge of the craft; or in 'finger' form, a series of segmented 'pockets' inflated by the craft's own down draught. 'Racing light hovercraft,' says Keith Oakley, 'combines the best sensations of car racing and powerboat racing.' *Further information is obtainable from Mrs J Waddon, Information Officer, the Hover Club of Great Britain, 45 St Andrew's Road, Salisbury, Wilts.*





Facing page, top: Skima 3, one of the most successful production-made British light hovercraft with a 'finger' skirt and a chain-saw engine. Below: another Scarab kit-built machine. This page, top: the ducted fan unit of a 'Snoopy' standard design craft. Below, left: detail of a Scarab's lift engine. Right: Keith Oakley's self-designed four-seater 'Spirit of Snodland' doing a 'sub hump', ie providing insufficient lift to 'unstick' the craft from the water. Immediately above, left: a Scarab with a tuned Japanese Kioritsu 17 bhp two-stroke engine. Right: dicing on the water 'straight.'

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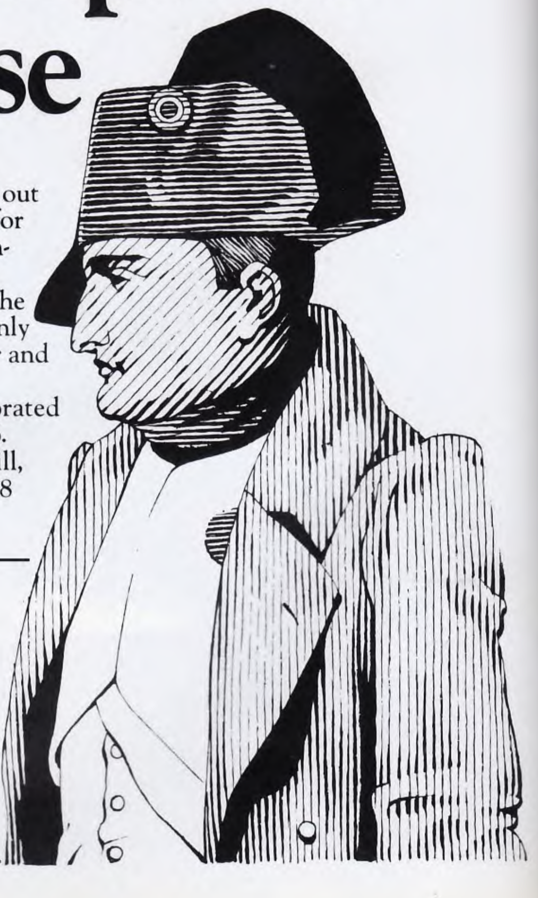
KEF THE SPEAKER ENGINEERS

It wasn't only Josephine that got up his nose



Napoleon was also very partial to a pinch of snuff. In fact, in his rush to get away from the Battle of Waterloo he left his snuff case behind in his carriage.

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Typhoon

continued from page 51

France, Belgium and Holland. They were putting paid to railway engines at the rate of 150 a month in addition to destroying FW 190s in large numbers.

While the cannon and explosive shells of the Typhoons' original armament had been very effective against the shore defences during the abortive Dieppe raid of 1942, it was felt that the aircraft's surplus strength and power could be used to carry an even bigger 'punch'. Hurricanes had already been tried out with a 250lb bomb under each wing against shipping in the Channel and so it was only a small and logical step to consider its successor in the same way. By the end of the year, three squadrons had been converted to the fighter-bomber role and the 'Bomphoons' had arrived.

Through various stages the bomb weight they were asked to carry had risen from 500 to 2,000lb and the former fighter pilots who had come to have a very high regard for their Typhoons found to their chagrin that their aircraft had become glorified 'Christmas Trees' weighed down by a wide variety of ordnance.

The resilient Typhoon again rose above this new, and to many pilots, sacrilegious application and Germany shipping in the Channel soon began to suffer from the attentions of the Bomphoons. Bombs fitted to the Typhoons carried a three-second delay to explode below the waterline of the target and a special technique of low-level attack known as skip-bombing was developed. This involved bouncing the bomb from the surface of the sea, into the side of the ship. Great skill was required from the pilots who had to hold their aircraft straight and level at zero feet and fly through a cone of defensive fire to press home their attack. Surprisingly, the casualty rate was comparatively light although there were mishaps. One pilot, a New Zealander, actually bounced his Typhoon off the sea and disappeared in a cloud of spray. His watching colleagues were amazed to see him reappear, still flying, a few seconds later. He managed to fly back to base although he complained of severe vibration from the engine. When he parked back at dispersal and switched off his engine, he was able to see the cause of the vibration. All the tips of the propellor blades were bent back through 90 degrees!

The next development in offensive armament was one that was to provide the Typhoon with the greatest firepower of any single-engined Allied aircraft of the time and that would ensure the Typhoon's name would gain a permanent place in the history books. When it was first proposed to attack tanks from the air, rockets were one of the weapons considered. Examples were developed and culminated in a 60lb projectile propelled by a 12lb cordite charge. Under test, this rocket was found to be totally destructive to a tank receiving a direct hit and that even a near miss was usually sufficient to cripple the vehicle.

The workhorse Typhoon was again seen as a suitable carrier and soon several squadrons' aircraft were sporting the underwing rails for the rockets. Four were placed under each wing and arranged so that they could be fired either in pairs or as a single salvo. By the end of the war, a salvo of rockets from a Typhoon would be equivalent to a broadside from a battleship but with the advantage of delivery from close range. Such was the effect of the rockets towards the end of the war that it was not uncommon for German tank crews to abandon their vehicles and take to the hills at the first glimpse of a Typhoon in the distance.

D-Day heralded the dawn of a new era for the Typhoon during which it was to be at its most effective and where it was to become the lynch-pin of Allied close-support operations that would allow the ground troops to expand from the beaches.

Prior to the landings, the Typhoons had been active cutting German lines of communication by attacking radar sites, railways and road transport. The attacks on radar installations were so effective that, throughout the landings, the Luftwaffe would be denied any really efficient air traffic control. The Typhoons also softened up the beach defences immediately before the troops beached and their devastating rockets launched with high accuracy were invaluable.

The Allied General Staff had attempted to employ the Typhoons' ability for delivering a stunning punch to a pinpoint target to eliminate their opposite numbers en masse. Intelligence reports had located the German General Staff in Rommel's chateau headquarters on the Cherbourg peninsular. On the eve of D-Day, Typhoons of 609 and 198 squadrons swept in from the sea and raked the building with cannon fire and rockets. The chateau was ripped apart during the lightning attack. Unfortunately the Germans had left only minutes before the aircraft arrived.

A similar although more successful raid on a German headquarters was made in October 1944 when five squadrons of Typhoons destroyed the 15th Army's HQ at Dordrecht with 500lb and 1,000lb bombs. More than 70 key staff officers were killed in the raid, which was over before any alarm could be raised.

The invasion of Europe had produced the need for vast amounts of close support for the armies on the mainland. To meet this need, the Allies had formed the 2nd Tactical Air Force and included in this were 23 squadrons of Typhoons, which, in the months ahead, were to prove crucial in ensuring the advance of the troops below.

'We had bigger taps fitted so he would'nt get his toe stuck!'

New tactics were developed and soon 'Cab Ranks' of aircraft were flying over all the main battle areas, constantly in the air and on call to the ground forces. They flew standing patrols just behind the lines, under the control of an RAF officer travelling with the advanced guard of the Army in an armoured car. Whenever the troops met an obstruction with which they were unable to cope, a quick call on the radio would bring down the vengeful might of the circling Typhoons.

By August, 1944 the bulk of the surviving German forces in Normandy had been squeezed into a small salient near Falaise. More than 100,000 troops with their equipment were trapped in this pocket and provided the Typhoons with exactly the kind of target they were looking for and were best able to destroy. The whole Falaise pocket or Typhoon Racetrack as the Germans quickly christened it, as well as the six-mile-wide gap which was the only escape, became one vast killing ground and the landscape soon resembled a product of one of Dante's more macabre nightmares.

From that time on, the Typhoons of the 2nd Tactical Air Force prepared the way for the ground forces and, in addition to their tactical role, attacked targets of opportunity wherever they presented themselves. The stage was soon reached where air supremacy was such that no kind of movement during daylight was safe. As the retreating Germans were pushed further back into their homeland they clogged the roads in a disorganised tangle of traffic that provided targets in plenty.

As hostilities drew to a close, the Typhoon was becoming obsolete and had been joined in the skies over Europe by its successor – the Tempest. With its up-rated Sabre engine and improved aerodynamics, the Tempest was very much the fighter the Typhoon should have been. It was not surprising therefore, that with VE-Day, the temperamental and tricky Typhoon should be pensioned off. With the pressure of wartime expediency removed, the Typhoon had outlived its usefulness and even new examples from the Hawker factory were being pushed to the far side of the airfield for scrapping as they rolled off the assembly line. The few still in service were relegated to unglamorous tasks such as target towing but even these were soon scrapped as their unreliability became a burden. Today only one Typhoon is known to exist, saved from the mass scrapping by having been sent to America for evaluation and subsequently forgotten. It now sits among other aircraft designed by Sir Sydney Camm in a special memorial display at the RAF Museum at Hendon. Sydney Camm had every reason to be proud of the Typhoon for, while it was never to fulfil its original role as a high altitude fighter, it had eventually found a much more effective application which ensured that its name would become as immortal as that of the Hurricane.

With work that entails frequent countrywide travel Patrick Ede is in a good position to know the erotic delights of Britain. His first call is to Birmingham

Birds, Boobs & Birmingham

It's a strictly enforced house rule, as I've subsequently discovered, that new customers are never offered sex on the premises. Which is only common sense, you could say, when you have what is almost certainly the 'best buy' in Midland massage parlours.

But it's not a house rule that greatly inhibits Babs, as I'm going to call her. Babs doesn't look like the kind of girl who inhibits easily, anyway. I can tell that by the way she keeps flashing her boobs and bum at me.

Babs is tall, slim, blonde, and has a pair of front teeth that inevitably make you think of Bugs Bunny. They're enough to make me chuckle at any rate, and I have to think up a quick excuse for why I'm laughing. It isn't easy, either, when you're lying nude on your back, nicely cooked and powdered, with nothing funnier in the immediate vicinity than a buck-teethed blonde fighting a close-run battle to stay inside a white overall that looks as if it might, with luck, have gone around an adolescent younger sister still stuffing hankies down her bra.

So I blame it on the powder tickling my

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL DARE

nose and Babs says I should have oil another time. Powder, though, feels nicer. The hands slide over you that much more smoothly. There's a clinical dryness and cleanliness about powder, too, which oil doesn't have. Oil drags against your skin and eventually feels sticky like sweat. Powder makes you sweet and dry in all those private little nooks and crannies that you hope her fingers are going to explore.

Babs and I are in one of those typically intimate little private rooms where the real business of the sauna business is transacted. It's windowless, warm, and has a door that slides to with a reassuring thump to tell you that you're completely alone together and that what takes place in these four walls is a secret between you and the girl.

Babs's availability sticks out, though, like a well-licked nipple. Without uttering a single forbidden word of invitation, she's been making overtures ever since that first electrifying thump. It's as obvious as if there were a sign over the massage couch saying 'Sex for Sale' in red and green neon lights, but it's all done without words. Babs doesn't break the rules; she only gives them a stretch to make them a shade more accommodating.

Much the same might be said about the little white overall. It stretches around her hips (it doesn't even reach her thighs) like an advertisement for the pleasures of her pretty pale backside, and her breasts – no question of a bra – are obviously having the greatest of trouble staying inside at the top. They're not helped by the fact that one of the buttons has pulled off, or *been* pulled off, at some time and no one's bothered to sew it back on. Why worry? It wouldn't have stayed on long anyway, and the view's much prettier without.

The massage she gives me isn't particularly sexy, which is disappointing and certainly surprising in view of the amount of goodies she has on display, but when she leans over me to run her hands over my chest, she leans low. Low enough, in fact, to make me think those nicely pointed breasts are going to fall right out of the overall; low enough to show me her nipples, which are tiny and pink. I look and lust and wonder if it's alright to touch. It's so hard to be sure – and that's not the only thing that's hard, either. Hard and heavy, like a length of weighted hose. What you might call an offensive weapon.

Well, if Babs finds it offensive, she has only herself to blame. And not only for what she's been doing with her tits. Her backside hasn't exactly been keeping itself to itself, either. Far from it. Despite the fact that there's a perfectly good table top within easy arm's reach, Babs puts her talcum shaker on the floor by her feet and bends precariously from the waist every time she needs to pick it up. This time she does it with her back to me, and her rump in the straining overall points unequivocally into my face. As she bends over stiff-legged towards the floor, the bottom of the overall rides relentlessly up over Babs's own bottom – and like the girl in the famous panti-hose advertisement, Babs isn't wearing panties.

She holds the pose for about six times as long as it takes to pick up the shaker of talcum, and I find myself staring face-to-face with a pair of well upholstered feminine buttocks that smile at me invitingly through a single membrane of see-through nylon mesh. The dark indentation between the cheeks is another 'For Sale or Hire' ticket that's impossible to ignore.

During all of this, I should add, Babs has been talking to me: the usual inconsequential 'masseuse's small-talk' that goes on much the same irrespective of whatever erotic games her fingers might be playing. (Like the barber chatting on about football or holidays while he snips, masseuses never seem to have their minds on their work.)

Am I staying in Birmingham? Yes, just for a few days, up for the exhibition. Am I staying in a hotel? (Her fingers are half prodding, half stroking the tops of my legs and the lower part of my belly, taking care to work around the burgeoning encumbrance of my prick.) I tell her the name of the posh hotel where I'm staying and she sounds impressed. Clearly, she tells herself, I'm either well off or I have a generous expense account.

If I fancy another massage while I'm in town, she suggests, she wouldn't mind coming around to do it at my hotel. She makes more out of it that way, of course, so I'd be doing her a good turn really. No one's mentioned sex, but somehow we both know what she means.

At the moment, though, what I fancy more than anything is to have a feel of that nice womanly arse she was showing me just a moment before. I whip my hand up the back of the miniscule overall and clap it over one soft, springy cheek. I give it a squeeze through the nylon and then ferret upwards for the waistband to get my hand down inside. She wriggles the cheek against my fingers.

How about at my hotel tonight then? She wants to know what time and, while I'm working out my schedule, she lays one hand casually over my balls. The sensation is exquisite and my prick feels as though it wants to burst. About eight? Half past?

She suggests nine and smiles a lecherous smile. The buck teeth give a particularly sensuous pout to her lips and make me think of what it would feel like to have them sliding down my shaft towards my balls. Is she giving any samples?

She gives a little laugh. Then she quickly dips forward, plants a quick wet kiss, full of lips and serpentine tongue, on the bloated end of my erection – and tells me to keep it for later. It isn't going to be easy.

I'd come to Birmingham, as I'd told Babs, for one of the exhibitions at the recently opened National Exhibition Centre, halfway between Birmingham and Coventry. That in itself had presented a problem

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Birds, Boobs & Birmingham

continued from page 78

immediately. If I wasn't going to book in at the hotel at the exhibition centre, which I didn't want to do, would I be better off to base myself in Coventry or Birmingham? Let me make it clear that I have absolutely nothing against Coventry, any more than I do against Bedford or Luton or any of the other splendid provincial cities where I've spent lonely unwarmed nights in lonely unwarmed beds on my various business trips up and down the country. What they lack isn't comfortable hotels or Egon Ronay restaurants or fine parks and handsome Gothic town halls; what they lack is something far more desirable to the average randy male temporarily condemned to the grass-bachelordom of a single hotel bed: in a nutshell, they can be incredibly difficult places in which to get your rocks off. To make out in places like Walsall or Wolverhampton requires the kind of local knowledge that only the resident dirty-old-men and the local CID are likely to have at their fingertips, which makes it hard for anyone just passing through.

Not so Birmingham. Like London, the 'second city' has a good deal to offer, though not so blatantly displayed as in the capital. It's taken the small ads in a local paper and a cab drive to find Babs and I see no Soho-style sex cinemas or 'specialist' book shops with neon signs blazing their message.

Fortunately I have the benefit of a knowledgeable colleague's experience. A six month stay in Brum – with fat company expenses – has given him a wealth of inside information which he's been only too happy to share. I thumb through street names religiously noted down in my diary. Brum's red light district is apparently centred in and around an area they call Balsall Heath, bounded by Pershore Road, Edward Road and Balsall Heath Road.

Cafes are the unlikely centres of sexual delight, and the available ladies are usually obvious at a glance. Midday to early evening is the turn of the younger crumpet; six to midnight brings out their more mature sisters. The 'class' area is a street of modernised terraced houses where the girls operate from a couch in the front room. My friend's experience here was lucky; he got to go upstairs to a real bed, but that was only because the lady's husband and child were watching TV in the front room. Apparently the husband had no objection to this tax-free additional income. For those with less cash to splash around there is one local pub where the 'bargain basement' hangs out. Decidedly less attractive – but also less likely to haggle over prices – these girls are driven more by need than professional choice. In a drunken moment, my colleague succumbed and was whisked back to a crumbling house nearby. On an un-made bed in a grubby back bedroom he tried, without enormous success, to get his end away, while the woman's kids showed an alarming tendency to burst into the room at crucial moments.

I cruise through the area with a helpful taxi driver, but Balsall Heath has a sleazy look and I'm happy to pass up any potential pleasures it may have to offer.

So I decide to try my luck in a few of the discos and clubs. There are plenty to choose from. On the theory that the smaller clubs are likely to be too select and generally too posh for picking up a girl, I make a start with one of the bigger, gaudier joints. Unfortunately, it turns out to be big gala night or something, and the whole place is full of old girls in sequin-covered dresses and balding gents leading them in the foxtrot. There might be a few middle-aged swingers among them, I suppose, but if there are they're welcome.

The second one I try is a very different proposition. It's belting out Showaddywaddy till the glasses rattle on the tables and it's well supplied with tasty-looking miscellaneous crumpet in a wide range of shapes and colours. Frankly, though, I'm a bit bothered at the smallness of some of it and the word 'jailbait' keeps coming uncomfortably to mind.

I buy myself a drink and am quietly picking a piece for myself when, instead, a piece picks me. 'Don't just stand there looking up my skirt,' she quips from the elevated heights of the disco dance floor. She beckons with a nod of the head and I decide to give it a bash. In fact, she has one of those pinched, foxy little faces with button eyes and a wide mouth that makes you think she's been given a good bash maybe once or twice before, and the way that she fastenes herself to the front of my trousers when the DJ puts on Barry White suggests that she's feeling in a fairly 'bash-able' mood right now.

She says her name's Di; she's short and little, with a knitted singlet top that makes the most of her smallish breasts, and her hair smells muskily sophisticated when she eases her head in under my chin. I let my hands slide down to somewhere near the top halves of her backside, which has a young, bouncy feel about it, and she doesn't try to pull back when the message from my fingers gets down to my pants and I feel myself starting to get hard.

By the time another couple of dances have gone by, two things are worrying me. One of them is her age. The other is the fact that I keep forgetting to worry about her age. I can't actually see ink stains round her fingernails, but then they don't use much ink in schools these days anyway.

I buy her a couple of Pernod and lemonades. which make her giggly and seem also to establish some kind of squatters' rights for me for the rest of the evening. Her little body doesn't leave my side; except that is, when it's plastered up against my front.

By the time she's managed to wriggle her

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hands into my pants pockets, groping me while we dance, things are beginning to get just a little bit desperate. Apart from a growing chance that I'll waste a really good head of steam, I'm equally terrified that someone will see what she's doing.

'Not here, Di,' I hiss. 'Someone's going to see in a minute.'

'Shall we go somewhere else then?' the button eyes twinkle and the wide mouth curves suggestively.

'My car's back at the hotel.'

'We'll use mine then,' says Di.

Di's car may not be much to look at – it's a fairly ancient heap with a lot of hand-painting – but she drives it like a demon. And presumably, I tell myself, it settles that nagging doubt about her age.

We park about fifty yards along what looks suspiciously like someone's private drive out in the Edgbaston direction. When I ask her if this is some kind of local 'Lovers' Lane,' she gives a little laugh; and then we get down to business. She turns to me and, with one hand spread across the inside of my thigh, presses her mouth slackly against mine. We tongue-kiss like any pair of teenagers in the back row of the cinema, and while I'm busy with my hands trying to free her breasts from the singlet top, I can already feel her fingers making a bee-line for my zip. Naturally, I don't attempt to stop her.

Her breasts are small but surprisingly soft and mature. The nipples feel fat and squashy like raspberries and I wish there was room to bend my head so as to get them into my mouth. But she's pressed too close, so I leave them and make a dive beneath her skirt. Damned tights. I finger her through the nylon. Meanwhile, she has pulled out my erection and is squeezing it between cupped palms.

'Can't we take these off?' I whisper, dragging at the gusset of the tights with my fingers. Di shakes her head. 'But why not?' She still shakes her head. Then she drops to her knees with her head in my lap, and suddenly I don't want to argue any more.

She unfastens the waistband of my pants, and I lift my backside while she drags both pants and briefs towards my knees. Then she takes me in her mouth and starts sucking with short, bobbing movements, and slips her hands half under the cheeks of my backside.

It's a very determined and expert mouth job, obviously intended to bring me off in the shortest possible time. With her hair brushing the insides of my thighs and her small, pointed breasts in my fingers, it's hard not to co-operate. The movements of my hips and cock become synchronised to the bobbing of her head; and then suddenly I'm coming.

Driving back towards town, we pull in at a petrol station. 'Oh, I'm sorry – do you have any money?' she says, when the pump registers £4.20. Then she drops me near my hotel and roars off into the night.

The next afternoon, I succumb to the allure of the sauna bath and to the buck-teethed temptation of the blonde and bustiful Babs. Several times between leaving the sauna and the hour of nine I ask myself whether she really plans to arrive, but I needn't have worried. Before the lovely Angela's even had the time to go through the headlines on the box, there's a knock at the door.

It's Babs.

'All ready then?' she laughs, eyeing me up and down in my dressing gown.

I smile.

'I've been waiting impatiently ever since I left the sauna,' I tell her. Which is true enough. For the past four hours or so, I've been toting a pole that would have been no disgrace to a Highland gathering.

'If you'd like to hop in the bath, I'll get everything ready,' says Babs. I reckon I'm clean enough already, but I don't argue.

Five minutes later, I swagger out of the bathroom, nude and still half horny, with my towel over my shoulder. Babs, meanwhile has got everything ready. The curtains have been closed, there's a bath towel spread on the bed, there's a collection of talcum and baby oil containers on the bedside table – and Babs has changed into her working gear. Which, for evening visits like these, appears to be pink bra and panties.

She gives me a broad smile.

'Is that better?' she says. I'm not sure whether she's talking about my bath or her pink bra and panties, so I just smile my approval. 'Let's have you on the bed, then,' she says briskly.

'I might say the same thing to you.' It slips out as quick as a thought.

Babs smiles. 'You want me to take these off then?' I nod. 'Why not?'

'All right then.' Her hands are already up behind her back, unfastening the bra. When the cups fall away, her breasts stay high and firm, as though the bra hadn't been doing any work at all. Then she slides out of the panties. There's just the lightest candy-floss down round her pubis, which shows up like a split fruit with the clitoris making a long ridge inside the split. When she sees I can't take my eyes off it, she fingers it lazily. 'You like that?' When I nod, she drapes herself accommodatingly across the bed, one leg straight, the other bent at the knee, which exposes her sex very prettily to anything I might have in mind. It tastes as good as it looks. After a good nibble, though, I'm readier than ever for the main course. But just as I'm on the point of popping it in, Babs shakes here head and wriggles away. 'Oh no,' she pouts. 'Not like that. Not without a rubber.'

I lie on my back while she rubbers me with deft, practised fingers. Then she squats over my hips like someone doing knee-bends, lowers her bottom towards my tool, and guides it in with her fingers till her rump lowers right down to my belly and my prick is sheathed to the balls. Then she simply takes her weight on the balls of her feet and rocks gently up and down, massaging my tool between the soft but tightly compressed lips of her sex.

It's a method I've never seen *or* used before. And not only does it feel good; it looks incredibly erotic, too. You can actually see yourself sliding in and out, in and out, one moment the tip of your spear tickling at her sex lips, the next your pubic hairs pressed dark and moist against her labia.

All through, Babs has a smile on her face, but it's hard to say whether this means she's enjoying it. For once, though, I hardly care. I'm quite content just to lie back, fill my eyes with the sight of this naked squatting woman, and let the clasp of her pussy produce its own inevitable result.

'Is that better?' she says, when she climbs off, a minute or two later.

'Fantastic.' I grin sheepishly and nod.

When we're both dressed, I ask her if she'd like a drink, but she says she's in a hurry, and I don't like to ask where. So I give her the £12 I've had ready. For a moment, I wonder if it's perhaps not enough, but she seems quite satisfied.

'That is, unless you prefer payment in petrol,' I laugh.

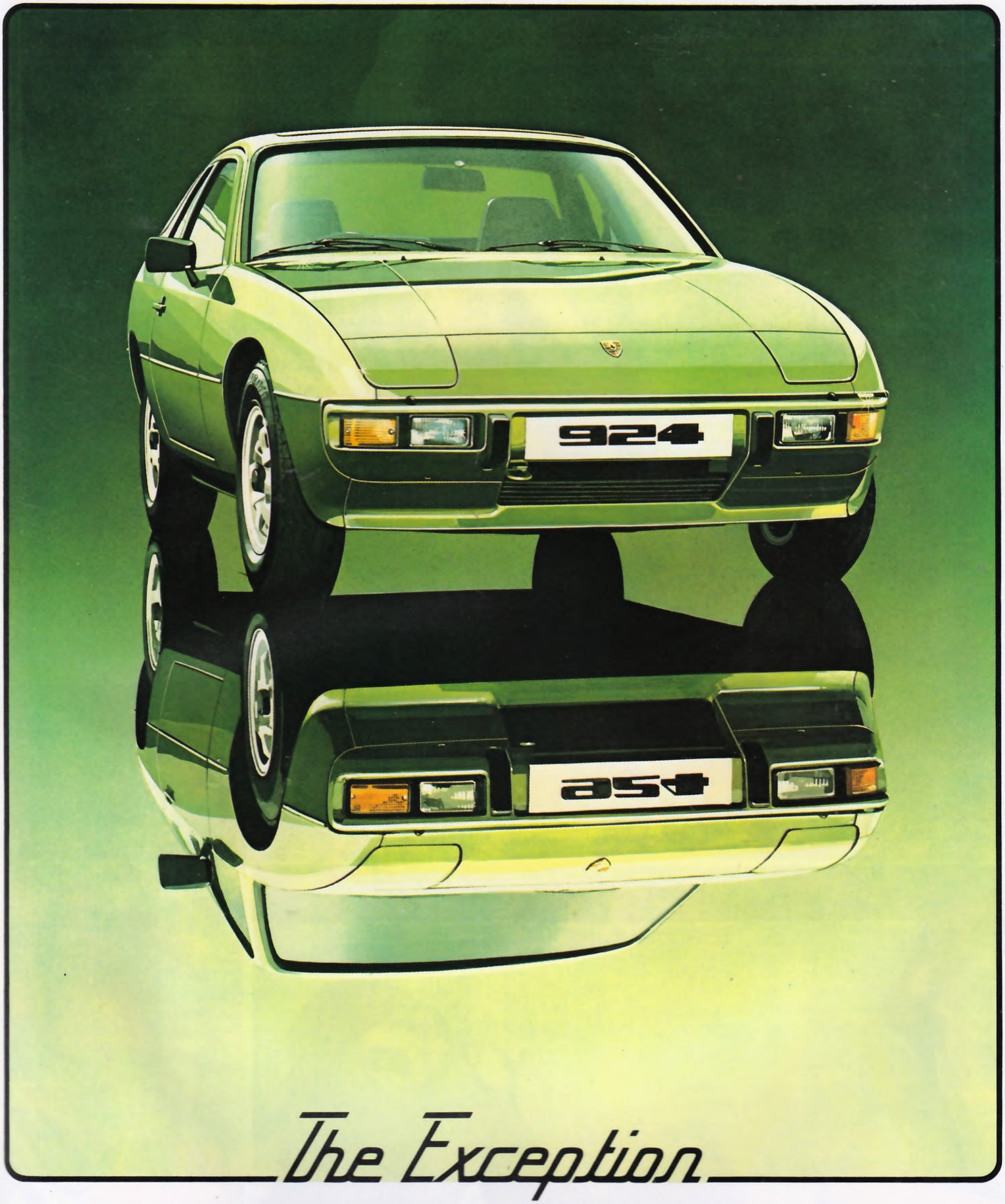
'Petrol?' she says. 'I'm sorry. I don't get the joke.'

'It doesn't matter.'

'Any time you're in Birmingham,' she says, 'just give me a ring. I could even bring a friend if you'd like that.'

I'd like that very much, I tell myself. And how thoughtful of them to have built the National Exhibition Centre so handily nearby. I shall definitely go there again.

'What does a centrefold girl do . . ?'



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SALLY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Maytime on the cliff-top Promenade at Folkestone. Bright sun speckles the distant Channel view. A crisp sea breeze wafts up the landscaped cliffs, ruffling the ornate facades of Edwardian hotels. 'It must have been like this seventy years ago,' enthuses 20-year-old history student Sally Ayre.

JOURD
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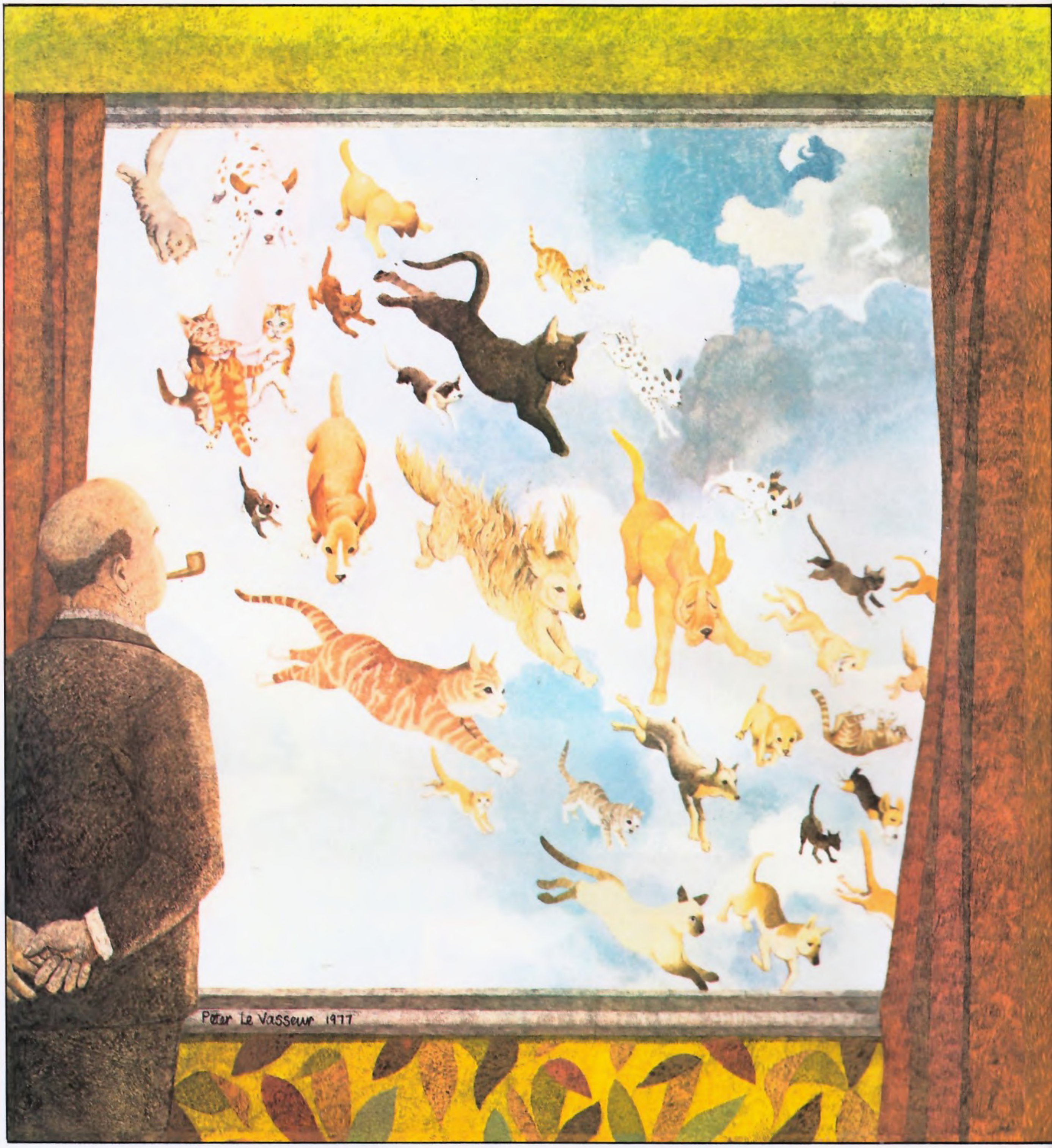
Five feet four inch Sally is an enthusiast for all things Edwardian and Victorian, particularly the clothes. 'Awful to get into but beautiful to look at.' Now studying at a London college, she coaches home to Folkestone at least once a month. 'It's the only way I can get any work done,' says 34-23-34 inch Sally. 'It's very quiet, very sedate at home and has marvellous pubs like the *British Lion* on the Bale overlooking the harbour.' But her fantasies remain in the past: 'Imagine taking the ozone on a sunny Spring day, parasol in hand, a dutiful husband at your side and a handsome lover waiting for him to take the late train to London!'



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Dial S for Seduction

continued from page 36

started filtering through to his brain. Almost certainly she thought the gabble made sense. As she pleaded and reasoned, the once grasping talons on his wrist were stroking and scrabbling aimlessly.

Natalie was saying: 'God, no, we mustn't, I'm not like that, take your hand away just a sec, I swear I won't . . . just a sec, Morgan, oh I mustn't we mustn't – you sod, you darling sod I can't bear it oh oh oh wait listen oh I won't but . . . Mmm, oh, darling.' On and on.

Her legs opened. Feeling pins and needles in his arm, Morgan got up, not daring to remove his hand. Keeping contact, he used the other hand to ease her knickers off – taking care to whisk away the soaking double-triangle of crumpled nylon without giving her a chance to wriggle away.

But Natalie was helplessly co-operative and guileless. Still impaled on Morgan's cautious finger, she rolled over on her side, naked body dappled with highlights and shadows, curves and hollows and slopes.

Fumbling left-handed, Morgan unzipped his jeans and kicked out of them. He hooked his thumb in the waistband of his pants, wincing as they dragged past the rampant sabre of his erection.

He put his almost painfully rigid member into her hand. 'D'you want it, Nat'?' he teased.

Some hours and a lifetime earlier, Natalie would not be addressed as 'Nat'.' Now, on her back, knees raised and parted, she gazed up at Morgan. 'Yes, yes! Please.'

Natalie climaxed not so very long after he penetrated her. Then, stunned and exhausted, stumbling into furniture on the way, she led him to her bedroom.

Morgan was never utterly sure that he had woken, or whether he had experienced a particularly vivid dream.

Certainly it seemed that he woke to find Natalie holding his testicles, playing with them, weighing them on her hand like a she-miser with a purse of gold.

Instantly he was carried away on a surge of lust. Grasping her ankles, he slipped onto his knees raised Natalie's feet in the air and shepherded her into position so that the backs of her knees rested on his shoulders, her thighs were spread, and her buttocks were hammocked by his interlaced fingers.

Clitoris softly ground against his column, probing exquisitely slowly and deeply, at an oblique angle, she groaned and yelped and dribbled – pinkly, for her climax was as savagely possessing as his own. Insensitive to pain, she had gnawed her lip until it bled.

One of the all-time great lays, Morgan granted, in hindsight. Though his attitude towards Natalie was ambivalent. They had been so crazily, primitively effective together that he took it for granted that there would be encores.

Instead, Natalie avoided him ever afterwards, ensured that they were never alone, and treated him with a polite, icy derision.

☆ ☆ ☆

Everything changes, given time. Morgan got a better job in Scotland, and left the district. To Natalie's loud dismay, Pat immediately took up with a semi-literate welder who not only had long hair but swore as a means of punctuation.

'I'm afraid that she's obsessed with the working classes,' Natalie confided to her special friends in the staffroom.

One morning Natalie went to the phone box at the end of the school drive. Pat would be at the cottage, packing for a long weekend with relatives.

Natalie thought about Pat's latest lover, Terry. An animal, a yobbo. Methodically she spread a linen handkerchief across the mouthpiece before ringing the cottage.

Pat's voice was fresh and uncaring, changing to dismay when Natalie spoke. The words came harsh and Cockney flavoured. 'Me agen, darlin'. I'll be round any night now, to shove me prick in ya. Be ready, eh?'

Hanging up, Natalie congratulated herself on a soft-hearted sister. Pat would insist on Terry dropping in while she was away, in case Natalie got nervous.

The prospect made Natalie shiver and press her knees together for an instant as a pang shot through her vagina. Mmm . . . She forgot about Morgan and the others before him.

All at once Natalie could hardly wait for Terry to force her . . .

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The day was hot and even the wealthy visitor to Britain's latest nuclear research establishment was breaking out in a gentle sweat. A nearby telephone rang, and the guide, warning his guest not to touch anything, went off to answer it. The visitor caught sight of a refreshing glass of water on a desk. He picked up the tumbler and swallowed the contents in a few gulps. Just as he was replacing the glass the guide suddenly returned and in a horrified voice demanded to know what the guest had done.

'It was so hot,' explained the visitor, 'that I drank the water in that glass.'

'My God,' said the guide. 'That wasn't ordinary water – that was heavy water, the stuff we make bombs from. How do you feel?'

'Fine,' replied the visitor.

'Well,' said the guide, 'here's my telephone number; if at any time you feel any pain, ring me at once.'

Three days later the guide's telephone rang and a voice asked, 'Do you remember me? I'm the chap who drank your heavy water.'

'Heavens,' said the guide, concerned, 'are you all right?'

'I'm fine *now*.'

'What do you mean *now*?' asked the guide.

'Well, for the past few mornings when I awoke I had a terrible full feeling. 'I'm staying in Chelsea and this morning decided to go shopping in Knightsbridge. I managed to make the length of Sloane Street, but when I got to the end I had this terrible urge to break wind. I feel fine now.'

'Good,' said the guide, feeling relieved. 'Where are you speaking from?'

'Oh,' said the voice, 'from a telephone box opposite where Harrods used to be.'

A travelling salesman was reporting to his managing director about his recent unsuccessful sales trip to Wales.

'The trouble with the Welsh,' he said, concluding his defence, 'is that they are all either prostitutes or rugby players.'

On hearing this the managing director went red with anger and retorted sharply to his minion, 'I'll have you know that my wife is Welsh.'

'Oh yes . . .' said the salesman, apparently unruffled, 'and what position does she play?'

One day a mouse found its way into a Soho strip club and emerged through a hole in the skirting beneath the artiste's dressing table. There before him was a gorgeous pair of female legs leading to a delectable pair of thighs and between them . . . Wow! The little mouse was struck dumb. After a few minutes he realised this was a sight meant to be shared so he rushed to find his friend so that he too could marvel at this experience. The two little mice soon reappeared through the hole in the skirting. 'There,' whispered the first little mouse, 'What did I tell you! Look at those legs, those thighs, that furry nest . . .'

'Oh yes,' said his friend, 'it's all right if you like that sort of thing, but I'm afraid it does nothing for me.'

'Oh I'm sorry,' exclaimed his friend. 'I completely forgot. You're a titmouse aren't you?'

Three girls were travelling by train to join a rep company at the seaside playing in pantomime. In the same compartment sat a vicar who was eating sweets and trying to strike up a conversation with them.

'What pantomime is it?' he asked, offering them his sweets.

'Dick Whittington,' said the blonde.

'And what part do you take?' he asked.

'I take the part of the cat,' she replied.

'Which one of you takes Dick?' asked the vicar, offering his sweets again.

'We all do,' said the blonde, 'but not for jelly babies.'

Sister Mary who had been in Holy Orders for four years was feeling a little frustrated for her life of abstinence was taking its toll. So off she went to the Mother Superior. After putting her case, the Reverend Mother offered her some advice. 'Well, Sister Mary,' she counselled, 'most of us get those feelings at some time, but we relieve them by the use of a carrot in the floorboards.' Meanwhile, underneath the floor of the Mother Superior's office were an electrician and his mate who were rewiring the convent. On hearing this, the sharp electrician scuttled along under the floor to Sister Mary's room and waited. Sure enough, a few minutes later Sister Mary arrived back in her small room, holding a carrot. She then proceeded to search out a knot hole in the floorboards. Quick as a flash the electrician replaced the carrot with his member.

The scene was repeated every day for two weeks and the mate was most disappointed because he was left out. When the electrician went on holiday, his mate believed his luck had, at last, changed. Upon the return of the electrician, however, he was surprised to see that his mate's member was covered in bandages and was obviously causing him great pain. 'How on earth did you do that?' he asked.

'Well I was carrying on where you left off and was doing just great. Then, in the middle of a session, someone knocked on the door and Sister Mary tried kicking the carrot under the bed.'

There was a young lady from Ongar
Who was had on the shore by a conger
When asked 'How does it feel
To be shagged by an eel?'
She said, 'Just like a man – only longer.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

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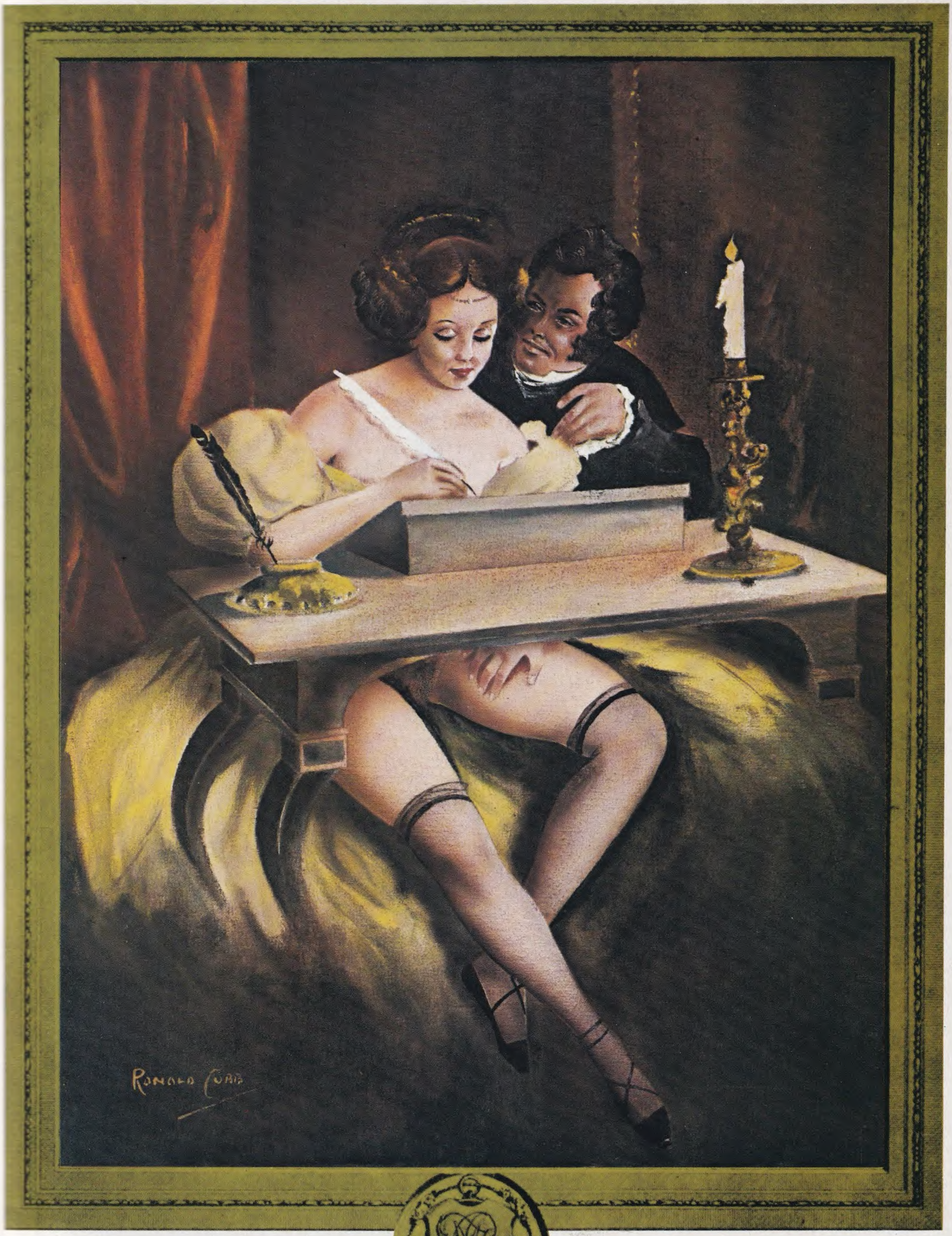

PAINTED LADIES

The Tutor

Classic canvasses undressed and updated by Ronald Cobb

THE PULL

Through the Porsche 924, Germany's superb sports car marque is now within financial reach of many. Motoring with Bill Boddy

If you admire the top motorcars; examples of the world's best engineered automobiles, you think of a handful of makes. It is certain that your dream list will include the Porsche.

It may be ironical that the original Porsche evolved quite directly from the Volkswagen Beetle, that Hitler-inspired automotive insect that bred profusely and is only now dying in Europe. When you contemplate all that the Porsche concern has done since, in motor racing and through its catalogue models, memories of that first Porsche sports coupé, the 356, seem dim indeed. It is a long cry from mighty flat-twelve racers, to today's exciting Turbo-Porsche £23,000 coupés. The latter represents all the technical knowhow that the Porsche organisation has amassed along the years, through racing, rallying, and painstaking research in tests and in the laboratory. It is a motor car guaranteed to turn on any true enthusiast. To me it personifies the value of participating in competition work, if you are to produce a worthwhile road-burner for the customers.

The Porsche 356 may seem remote as we examine the ingenious mechanical make-up of a Turbo, or even a 911SC, Targa or Sport. Yet they all have one item in common, namely a rear, air-cooled power unit. If the first Porsche engine was a development of that found in the Beetle, the one you find today under a Porsche boot is a highly specialised product of the little factory at Zuffenhausen. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche was responsible for those great brute force pre-war Mercedes-Benz sports/racing cars which the inimitable Rudi Caracciola threw about with such happy abandon, even on teeming wet roads – his victory in the 1929 Ulster TT race, among all the promising British sports offerings, is not easily overlooked. Indeed, Herr Doctor Porsche was such a versatile and thorough automobile technician that it is little wonder that, when he thought the VW Beetle had potential as a faster coupé, it was a success from the commencement. Upping its power output while departing little from the air-fanned flat-four-cylinder rear engine of the *Volks*, Porsche hid the Beetle's frame in an enveloping aerodynamic outline, and did his magic on the suspension. Thus was born the original Porsche. I am old enough to remember how pleasing, how sensationally advanced we thought the specimen demonstrated to us by Denis Jenkinson. It was beautifully finished and equipped. It darted round bends like no Beetle dared to do. It possessed sufficient performance to make driving it anything but tedious, in the terms of 1950s motoring. And we discovered all manner of clever

OF PORSCHE

features which Dr. Porsche had built into it – I recall that so effective was the heater (which many 'experts' said, and still say, can never work properly off an air-cooled motor) if you opened a tiny flap by your ankle your foot was nearly roasted.

Having worked myself up to a pitch where I am ready to shoot off about further fast and furious Porsches, all in this air-cooling-is-sufficient, the-power-pack-should-be-behind-the-driver idiom, I now have to backpedal a bit. Because the assignment is to write about the Porsche 924 (and 928) model(s). And, as one well-known automotive writer has recently said, they are a break with Porsche tradition. Why, they have the engines up front, and these engines are conventional, in-line, water-cooled units! Now how did this come about? Well, in simple terms, you can place it at the feet of Big Business. Although the original Porsche was basically a Volkswagen, it came about as a result of Dr. Porsche's intimate associations with the latter, so that it emerged as a car recognisable by the streamlined envelope which enclosed the mechanicals, developed by old man Porsche, his son Ferry Porsche, Erwin Komeda and Karl Rabe. From then on all the more potent production Porsches have used this distinctive body shape. Not the 924 and 928, however. In 1969 Porsche and the successful VW-Audi organisation merged, in order to build sports cars, mid-engined coupés in fact, using parts from both companies. The result, the 914, was not notably a sales-denter, although it was of interest as something not seen round every corner. It was now possible to judge the public's reaction to a less-expensive offering carrying a (VW)-Porsche label. That is what Erich Filius and Klaus Schneider of the VG *(VW-Porsche Vertiebsgesellschat)* at Ludwigsburg did. And who can blame them. The real Porsche is a beautifully-constructed motor car, and for such things you have to pay high prices. This is reflected by the cost of the various real Porsches, in Britain today – as I write a 911SC sets you back a matter of £12,600, a Targa version the same. The 911SC Sport and Sport Targa models are both priced at £14,100 and, as I have warned you, the so-covetable Turbo costs £23,200. Even if Zuffenhausen can sell all the traditional models it can turn out, there is a limit round the world to the number of people in the market for sports cars at such figures. The temptation to expand into a wider strata was great. The outcome was the 924, and the V8 928 that has just gained 'The Car of the Year' accolade.

Those loaded with the responsibility of bringing out cheaper versions of a vehicle that would still be unashamedly a Porsche were faced with a hard task. The VG planning committee insisted that a great many Volkswagen-Audi components must be used. Many very effective sportscars have been assembled along the years from the bits and bobs of mass-produced motors – but never Porsches. Also, it was necessary to provide more internal space in the proposed 924 than there had been inside the cramped centre-engined 914 VW-Porsche. This, and the recognition that you just couldn't hang the weight and bulk of the water-swilled 928's multi-pot power-producer at the back of the new car, killed stone dead any idea of following Zuffenhausen tradition in this respect.

So the 924's 2 litre overhead-camshaft Audi engine went up front. You might assume at this stage that the gearbox would be in unit with this Audi offering. Here, though, Porsche ethics prevailed. Engineers Paul Hensler and Jochen Freund were adamant that the less-costly Porsche should have handling characteristics in keeping with the car's great name. The over-steer characteristics of the early Porsches, which meant that if you took a corner fast you had to quickly apply opposite steering-lock if you were not to spin round.

To endow the 924 and 928 with similar qualities it was decided to place the gearbox at the back of the car, thus dividing the weight front/rear, in an engine/transmission context. This also involved an independent rear-end using torsion bars, and there was a problem when it came to getting the engine linked to the transaxle. Because the propeller shaft was driving the gearbox instead of being driven from it, it ran faster, and changed its speed more frequently. Fortunately, it had less torque to transmit, so it could be lighter, of smaller diameter, than a conventional prop-shaft. But difficulties of noise and vibration arose.

The Porsche 928, judged 'Car of 1978' over the Series-7 BMW and the new Ford Granada.

However, it was all coming together, this new VW-Porsche. A BMW 2002 was fitted with the Audi engine and the Audi transaxle and the Porsche technicians had a busy time trying to connect the two. After much experimentation they came up with a solid shaft marrying engine to axle, a system which has Pontiac, Ferrari and Peugeot connotations. Indeed, Porsche had studied a Pontiac Tempest.

After cleaning up a great number of other items, and styling a body, the first production Porsche 924s began to come off the VW Neckarsulm transfer line in November 1975. By April 1976 production was running at 60 a day.

So what sort of a reception did this Porsche get? The answer was of top importance to VW-Porsche, and of interest to those who contemplated surprising their neighbours by parking a Porsche in the drive while not shocking their bank manager – the present British price of a 924 is £7,350, which is increased by £449 if you specify the Lux model. Should the little woman demand automation in her transaxle, the 924 Auto costs another £430. Which still leaves you £4,371 change, out of what the least-expensive 911 would have cost . . . So how did it add up? Well, some of the Press thought the interior of the 924 was a bit 'cheap', although the style of the body, which may one day become a sports-VW in its own right, was praised. The engine was found to be smooth and snappy but the gears had to be used all the time to make the 924 move, so high were the ratios. Wind and road noise were also criticised.

My own opinion is based on the latest, improved 924. I liked its very safe, quick handling but found it still over-geared, which would not have mattered so much had it the celebrated Porsche synchromesh. It hasn't, and the change can be notchy. There is still too much noise, from the transmission but the 924 is a car you can drive fast with confidence. There is ample performance, top speed being variously quoted as 111 mph to 126 mph, with 0-60 mph acceleration in less than the ten-second norm. Fuel thirst, too, is modest, approaching 30 mpg, depending on how far you extend the 1,984 cc Audi engine. The transaxle makes itself felt in restricted space, so this is a coupé for two adults. The lift-up tailgate is acceptable, until you realise that the lofty boot-floor restricts the amount of clobber you can carry. The K-Jetronic fuel-injection endows the motor with 125 absolute horses, at 5,600 rpm.

A nice, very well-behaved car, but not quite a Porsche as Porsche fanatics expect Porsches to be. The 928, which, as I write, has yet to reach these shores, must be something different again for those top-European journalists to have judged it 'The Car of 1978'.

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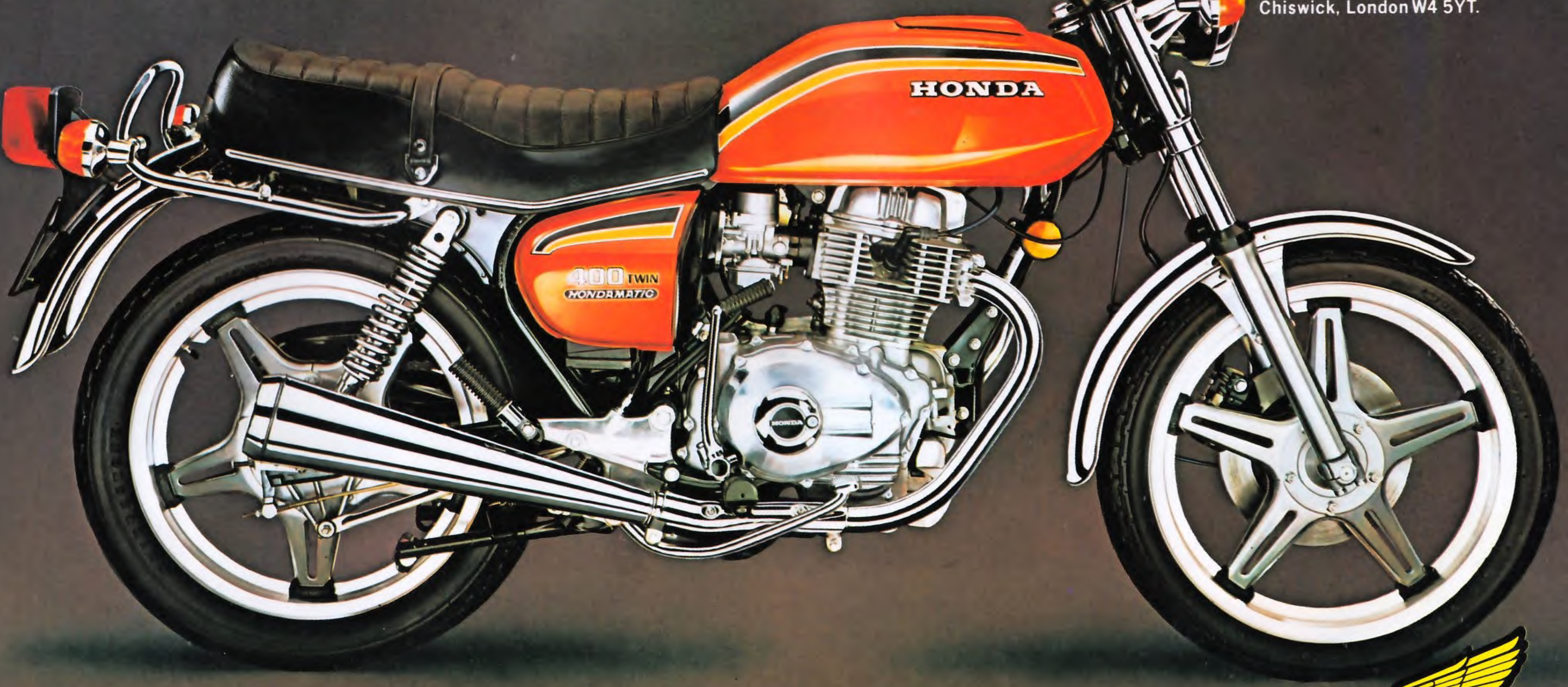

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MARGARET

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

What sort of programme do you like watching best on television? Westerns or Documentaries? Quizzes? Comedies or Dramas? Margaret Williams has a self-confessed weakness for cops and robbers. 'I love them all,' smiles 22-year-old Margaret. '*The Sweeney, Z Cars,* even old *Dixon of Dock Green* when it was on. I don't know what it is about those programmes, but I have to admit that I'm a real addict. I watch them all.'

'Actually,' adds Margaret, 'there is a benefit that can be gained from watching those programmes. You pick up all the jargon, you see. Not so long ago I was driving home one night and unknown to me, one of my rear lights had failed. I got waved down by a patrol car and a Sergeant got out to speak to me. Now you may or may not know that in the Police, Sergeants are invariably referred to as "Skipper", so when this chap came over, I said 'What's the trouble, Skipper?' and he thought I was an off-duty WPC. Of course I told him I wasn't, but as things had started off on the right foot, he let me off with a warning.' But couldn't Margaret's 35-23-36 have played a part in the situation?

'Hardly,' she smiles. 'It was in the middle of winter and I was all wrapped up in my warmest woollies. It made me look, well, tubby to say the least.' Away from television and brushes with the law, nine-to-five finds Margaret behind the counter in an exclusive West End shop selling highly expensive leather goods. 'Everything from suitcases to wallets,' she explains, 'and pricey!'

'You honestly wouldn't believe how much some of our goods cost. I know they're absolutely gorgeous, but by the time you'd paid for even a wallet, you wouldn't have any cash left to put in it! At least I wouldn't, but then I'm a bit of a spendthrift. If I see something I like, I instantly forget about bills and suchlike and dash in and buy it. I'm always having to cadge meals off people because I've bought things. With chaps I've come to an agreement: they buy the food and I cook it for them.' And afterwards? Margaret's eyes widen in mock-innocence. 'Whatever can you mean?' she asks. 'I'm not all that sure I should tell you.' A laugh. 'I might end up finding that everything I take down might be used in evidence against me!'

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M135

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Ten

Be they film stars or secretaries, women of true beauty invariably arouse strong desires in men. Yet this very beauty can be daunting for even the most confident of men. This month Quest discovers that even the most physically attractive woman is subjected to the very same doubts fears, and vulnerabilities as other, perhaps less striking, women

INTRODUCTION

The mystique of the 'beautiful woman' has long played an important part in male-female relationships. Women see beauty as a state of perfection towards which to strive and at times may either consciously or subconsciously envy those women who may truly be said to be 'beautiful'. For their part, men regard beautiful women with a mixture of attraction and awe. But what of the beautiful woman herself? Does physical perfection necessarily provide the key to a fruitful relationship? From our interviews this month it seems not. From our first inverviewee, we learn of the 'awe factor' in which men are in fact inhibited by a woman's beauty whilst a second interviewee, also encountering male inhibition, finds she has to take the initiative at the start of a relationship. A third interview presents what might be a solution to this inhibition problem from the male viewpoint. By treating a beautiful woman as he would do any other, our male interviewee finds that this overcomes any initial wariness on her part. As can perhaps be seen this month, the beautiful woman is perhaps equally and maybe even more vulnerable to normal female emotions and fears than other less physically attractive women.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Copywriter, 28 years old, blonde, town of origin Cheltenham**

This interviewee, a strikingly attractive and smartly dressed woman, worked briefly in journalism after attending university then moved on to advertising. She was divorced, without children, and lived alone.

Quest: You seem to me a perfect example of the cool, exquisite blonde. What problems can a girl like you have?

Copywriter: If a girl is exceptionally attractive – and I have girlfriends who are models and they tell me the same thing – you get one of two reactions from men; either they say, 'You're gorgeous, let's go to bed together' or the equivalent. Or they back off completely and then ignore you or ogle you quietly from the other side of the room. Both are equally disconcerting. But until I met John – my fiancé – I didn't realise just to what extent it affected my life. Somehow there seems to be this feeling that if a girl looks well-groomed she has a secret desire to be rumpled. I seem to have attracted men who can be physically quite rough, and I don't like that at all.

Quest: Did that feeling have anything to do with the break-up of your marriage?

Copywriter: It was a very violent relationship sexually – on both sides; Patrick and I were very strongly attracted to each other – I'm sure we still would be if we were to meet again.

Quest: What was so special about Patrick?

Copywriter: He was completely different from almost everyone I'd known before I met him. My family is fairly county – we weren't exactly at hunt balls every other day, but a lot of family friends moved in those kind or circles. Then Patrick turned up at home. He was some kind of assistant to my father; I'm sure it was because my father was so impressed with him that first roused my interest. He was in his mid-thirties, very attractive in a crumpled sort of way, always smartly dressed, but totally unpretentious – he'd started out as an engineering apprentice in some back street London firm – he never got tired of telling that story. It was Patrick who gave me my first sort of gut reaction to a man, and I knew instinctively he felt the same.

Quest: Who made the first move?

Copywriter: My father – to be perfectly honest. I was supposed to be going to a college ball and my escort phoned at home one Sunday, I think, to say he couldn't make it, which annoyed me intensely because I'd especially wanted to be there. So immediately father said, 'That's alright. Patrick'll take you; show him the other side of life.' Which I suppose is what I did, but not in the way my father meant.

Quest: What actually happened?

Copywriter: To be honest I don't remember much of what happened until Patrick and I found ourselves by the river very late. It was a gorgeous June night, very warm – I think I'd spent about half an hour at the most with all the people I'd planned to see. I'm sure, in fact, Patrick had steered me there. We could hear the music from the college behind us; we were walking and suddenly – as in all the best romances – we were kissing; the height of romance for an impressionable twenty-year-old. And it would have been, I suppose, if we'd walked off chastely hand in hand, or even retired to my rooms for some gentle first love making. Instead Patrick – and this was typical of our relationship – came up from our first embrace, grinned and said, 'You look like butter wouldn't melt in your mouth; what would you do if I did this?' I was wearing this long, white halter-neck evening gown which ruled out a bra, so that I had a reasonably secure piece of material over each boob. Patrick immediately reached out his hand, slipped it under one piece of material, cupped my breast and brushed his thumb across my nipple.

Quest: How did you react to that?

Copywriter: He'd picked his moment perfectly. It was the most violent emotional shock; I thought the top of my head had come off. And then I realised my tummy had turned to water; my nipples were just aching. If he'd ripped my gown off then and there and had me on the lawn, I'd have cried out for more.

Quest: Did he do that?

Copywriter: No, I fetched a blanket from my room and we borrowed one of the college punts and drifted under some willows downstream and made love until some cows woke us up early next morning. I went to live with him in London as soon as I'd finished my degree, without telling my father. There was a bit of a fuss when he found out and we got married.

Quest: When did the marriage go wrong?

Copywriter: There were always problems, which finally got too big. Patrick thought I was ludicrously profligate with money: I thought he was mean. He couldn't stand my friends. I thought he could be more loving out of bed. For a couple of years we settled everything with really gorgeous love making, but everyone gets bored in the end. I wasn't working and I started doing odd modelling jobs. Patrick got ludicrously jealous and accused me of sleeping with a very good photographer friend. I took up a copywriting job in another friend's agency, and immediately found out Patrick had at least one mistress on the side. After that there didn't seem any more point and we were divorced very amicably.

Quest: How did your love life progress?

Copywriter: It didn't, mainly by design. I started taking my work seriously for the first time, discovered I had a real flair and my career took over from then for over two years. I went out with men, but they all tended to be fairly neutral – I tended to be quite rude to the ones I did fancy, and – not surprisingly, I suppose – not many stayed around. Then all of a sudden I found myself heading a copywriting department in a very large successful agency, working all the hours that God sent and feeling thoroughly miserable.

Quest: Why, specifically?

Copywriter: Mainly because I'd cut out the emotional side of my life, almost entirely. I remember coming into the office one day and finding a fellow called Matthew who had a reputation as the office wolf drooling over my secretary, who was quite attractive but nothing startling. He took one look at me, said, 'Sorry, Suzy,' and backed out as if I'd been about to bite his head off. And it suddenly occurred to me: why did he never drool over me? Not that I wanted him to, but even to have been given the opportunity to refuse would have been a change. I went through a very insecure period, poring through women's magazines to find out what I was supposed to be doing – thinking I was utterly daft one minute, then being racked with insomnia the next.

Quest: Were you sleeping with anyone then?

Copywriter: No – I'd had a brief, totally, loveless affair with a client about eighteen months before and decided that that only made me feel worse.

Quest: Did you masturbate?

Copywriter: Do I have to answer that? Yes, I did, quite a bit. Until I found myself fantasising about Patrick; then I stopped. Oddly enough, that was when John arrived at the office.

Quest: Tell me about him.

Copywriter: He'd been a journalist but got tired of it and came to us for a job. I was one of the people who interviewed him. He was obviously a talented and original writer and seemed adaptable enough. But what struck me about him was a quality of stillness – I can't describe it better than that. He was talkative enough but he had a kind of air of quiet competence. He was my age – but he seemed much more mature inwardly.

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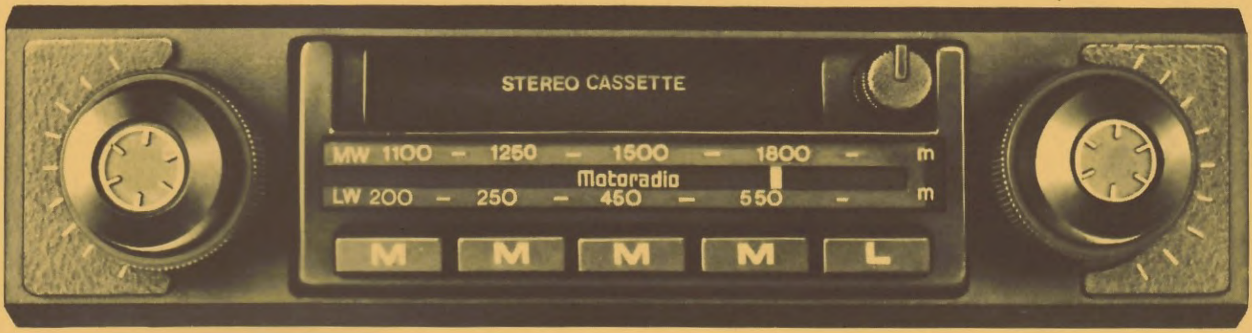
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Quest: Apart from his work how did he fit in?

Copywriter: I knew John was single, but I didn't know if he was involved. For a month or two he was friendly with everyone and then my secretary started to turn up late which annoyed me because it was a busy time. And someone said, 'Oh, it's that new writer obviously making his mark.'

Quest: Did that change your attitude?

Copywriter: It annoyed me, quite irrationally. Sally, my secretary, was attractive. John only interested me in an abstract way – I told myself it was randiness making me over-sensitive. Then the most extraordinary thing happened. Sally wanted to leave early one night and I was desperate to get a script typed up. I'd already planned to spend the evening typing half of it myself, but I couldn't finish it all without help. Sally started to complain, so I snapped, 'For God's sake you can keep your knickers on for one night – let John have some sleep.' I regretted it instantly; but Sally snapped back at me: 'Chance would be a fine thing; all he does is talk about you!' Then about three weeks later we had the offer of a very lucrative account and we had less than a fortnight to get presentations ready. As it happened, my boss chose ideas from both John and myself and told us to drop everything and concentrate on getting them finished in time. I worked at home for a time, but it didn't seem to work, so for the last few days I stayed late at the office and John and I ended up being the last people in the office.

Quest: With romantic results?

Copywriter: If they were it was with extremely hard work! The first two nights we worked until eleven and John walked me to the Tube – very friendly, very politely. The third and last night was our marathon effort – both scripts had to be on Tom, my boss's desk by the morning. John finished about ten and then gave me a hand typing up mine. We finished about one – more relieved, I think, than shattered. Then John said, 'Look, I'm too tired to eat. There's a drinking club I know nearby. Shall we have a celebration snifter?' So there we went. Eventually I said I had to go or I'd never get a taxi and he offered to run me home – that was the first time I even knew he had a car; he hadn't suggested a lift the other evenings. So he drove me home, and I offered coffee – it seemed the least to do; it was so late now we weren't going to get much sleep. Even then he hesitated, so I hurried up the stairs and didn't give him a chance to refuse. And then we had our coffee on the sofa in the living room and I think that was the first time we properly talked.

Quest: What about?

Copywriter: Each other. Apparently he had just ended a very fraught relationship with a girl he'd been living with and was obviously very unsettled. I told him about Patrick.

Quest: Did you regard it as a preliminary to bed?

Copywriter: Not necessarily. Being totally honest, I suppose I'd found him interesting but the fact that he'd expressed a covert interest via Sally and still strained away from me, made him tantalising. I kept telling myself I didn't mind what he felt about me as long as I got some idea what it was.

Quest: Did you?

Copywriter: No! We were at that point when conversation falters and you make a pass or go. He got up to leave. By that point I could have kicked him. Instead he hovered about the door, wishing me goodnight, and at the last moment – the very last moment – leaned down to peck me on the cheek, very self-consciously. I didn't think; I just turned my head and our lips met instead. One moment we were kissing, the next we were stretched out on the cushions. I'd never felt such intense relief. He could have done anything with me. He reached under my sweater, unclipped my bra and began caressing my breasts; then he lifted my sweater up and began to kiss me, gloriously; but even then he stopped. I said, 'John, for God's sake, what is it?' He said, 'I've just remembered, you're my boss.' I practically screamed, 'There's no law against seducing your boss!' Then for the first time he laughed – really openly – and I pulled his head down onto my breasts He was very quick, very gentle, quite expert – he had my knickers off in a moment, shrugged off his own shoes, trousers and socks with a speed that must have broken records, and hardly touched me again until we were both quite naked. He came into me very slowly and carefully at first – and then with a great surge that took my breath away, and on, and on, really magnificently. It was everything I'd missed and wanted and much more. Afterwards we went into the bedroom and began again much more slowly and leisurely – he had a way of being so tender and tantalising and then incredibly rough, or so it felt – and then gentler again; he was continually exciting – he must have come three times in all. Then he sat and stared at me on the bed until he was embarrassing me. He said, 'It's happened, I never thought it would, I've dethroned the Queen.' I hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about. He looked at me in surprise, 'Don't you know that's what they call you in the office?' he said. 'The ice princess, the Queen.' I just stared at him. 'The most gorgeous, the most stunning female ever to pass through those sullied portals.' I burst out laughing; it seemed so ludicrous. 'I'm just me,' I told him. 'But you're not,' he said. 'You're so superb it hurts. Can you imagine what it's like lusting after you and getting the brush off – you'd get laughed at by every copytypist in the office; that's why your secretary does so well. She gets all the men whose nerves fail on the way in.'

Quest: You were unaware of this?

Copywriter: I'd never looked at it that way before. I was stunned. I said, 'But that's awful.' John just grinned. 'No, it's not,' he said. 'It's marvellous, because everyone will think I'm Superman in disguise – it'll take months for them to see you differently – and think how much I must care for you, to actually brave your wrath to the very bedroom door, and beyond.'

Quest: And how did you react to that?

Copywriter: Two extremely tired employees reported for work later that morning. But it did change my whole outlook. I don't exactly turn up in tatty denims and woolly pullies but I think I'm a lot more aware. The only trouble is I've got John now, anyway, so I don't need to change.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Marketing Executive, aged 32, divorced, town of origin Coventry**

This – male – interviewee married at the age of 25 and was divorced five years later. He shares a large flat with two other men.

Quest: To begin with, could you please outline for me the main reasons for the breakdown of your marriage?

Executive: We just gradually grew apart I suppose. I got more and more involved with my job which meant I saw less and less of my wife so in the end we decided that there wasn't much point in continuing the marriage if I was never there. It was all quite amicable. I still see Jenny.

Quest: Was there another woman involved?

Executive: No. I was totally faithful for the three years of actual marriage, but of course in the two years it took for the divorce to be finalised there were other women.

Quest: Many of them?

Executive: It depends what you mean by many. I went through my randy screwing around stage when I was up at university. I suppose I had about six or seven women in that two years. Is that a lot? Most of them were only one night stands anyway.

Quest: When you were married, had it ever been a struggle to remain faithful?

Executive: Well I can't think of any married man who doesn't lust after some other woman from time-to-time. As far as I was concerned there was one girl in particular I fancied like crazy but I didn't do anything about it until Jenny and I had split.

Quest: How long had you know this other girl before a relationship started?

Executive: About six months or so. Deborah, that's this girl's name by the way, joined our outfit about two-and-a-half years ago and all the blokes instantly went bananas over her.

Quest: Why was that?

Executive: Well she was, *is*, I should say, absolutely incredibly gorgeous. Quite tall, about five-six, dark brown hair, blue eyes and a figure you could go blind just looking at. And very very bright too, I might add. What's more, she was aware that she was great looking too. You know you get some girls who are basically smashing to look at, but they either dress lousily or have some other defect that detracts from the overall look. Deborah always looked like she'd just stepped out of a fashion plate. Not madly trendy or anything like that – or even sexy. Just with good taste.

Quest: It sounds like she made a great impression on you.

Executive: I wasn't the only one. Half the blokes in the place were after her.

Quest: Did they succeed?

Executive: No, that's the funny thing. None of them did. I mean she was getting more dinner invitations than royalty, but

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Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he received over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectured on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £15.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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she hardly ever accepted. She did once or twice, of course, but the men she went out with never got anywhere. The most she went out with one man was three times and he said he hadn't been able to get anywhere with her, so he just didn't ask her out again. She got a reputation as an ice queen.

Quest: Meaning what exactly?

Executive: Well after three or four months of the finest lechers in the agency getting nowhere, we thought she might be a dyke, but somehow that just didn't fit; then we figured she was shy, but that didn't seem right either as basically she's a very outgoing person. In the end we decided that she was frigid.

Quest: Did you ever ask her out?

Executive: Well I was still with Jenny when Deborah joined the company and even though the marriage was then on its last legs, I was determined not to be one of those 'my wife doesn't understand me' merchants. That's so old hat. I knew that Jenny and I were going to split quite soon and it meant a lot to my own self-respect that I actually did wait until that time before dating again. As it happened I got on very well with Deborah. We worked on a couple of projects together which meant spending quite a lot of time in each other's company. But I never came on strong with her.

Quest: Were there any kind of sexual or emotional undertones?

Executive: Difficult to say. I mean if she was looking especially nice I'd tell her so, but I never made a pass at her. Until Jenny and I had split up, that is.

Quest: You asked her out?

Executive: Yes. I'd known Deborah about five months when Jenny and I split, then I suppose I waited a couple of months before I asked Deborah out.

Quest: Why was that?

Executive: It was fairly common knowledge around the agency that my marriage had ended, so I didn't want Deborah to think that I just fancied a bit of spare.

Quest: Weren't you put off by her 'frigid' reputation?

Executive: Well I figured if I didn't try for myself, I'd never know for sure. In the end, when we were working one day, I asked if she had anything planned for the evening. She smiled and asked why I wanted to know. I told her I thought we might have a drink and a bite to eat. She thought for a moment and then said she didn't think it was such a good idea seeing as how I wasn't that long separated.

Quest: What was your reaction?

Executive: I began to think the frigid bit was for real, but I told her that if she changed her mind the offer was still good for another time.

Quest: And presumably that 'other time' eventually materialised.

Executive: Right. About a week later, a Friday it was, we'd had an absolute bitch of a day trying to wrap something up for a presentation first thing on the Monday. Neither Deborah nor I wanted to come in on the Saturday, so we'd both agreed to slog on until the job was finished. We finally got through around ten and then went for a drink together. There wasn't an invitation issued as such, I just said something like 'Thank God that's over, let's go and get ourselves a drink.' We went to the pub and had one or two and generally unwound and then I thought that now would be as good a time as any to try my luck again, so I asked her if she'd like a meal. Not quite as baldly as that, it was along the lines of 'I don't know about you but I don't fancy cooking when I get home, do you think you'd keep me company while I grab a bite?'

Quest: What was her reaction?

Executive: She just said 'Thanks, that'd be nice.' So we went and had a spaghetti supper and a bottle of wine and had a really great time. We nattered about this and that and before we knew it, it was getting on for one o'clock. I knew that Deborah didn't drive and as it was late for a taxi, I said I'd drive her home.

Quest: Had you made a pass at her during the evening? Was sex perhaps your motive for driving her home?

Executive: Not guilty on both counts. We'd had a very pleasant evening and I wasn't going to spoil future chances by ramming my hand up her skirt. As for your second question, yes, I suppose I hoped she'd invite me in, but as it turned out, she didn't. I did ask her out again though. I asked her if she'd like to come out on the following evening.

Quest: Did she accept?

Executive: Yes. Although there was a slight show of reluctance. In the end she agreed though and we had another marvellous evening. Again I drove her home, acted the gent, got out and opened her door for her, all very polite and then just as I was about to get into the car, she asked me if I'd like to call round for Sunday brunch.

Quest: That must have surprised you.

Executive: It did, though of course I didn't say anything. I just said I'd be there at one and left it at that. I somehow figured Sunday would be the make or break. Either the relationship, such as it was, would advance a peg or two, or it would remain at the level it'd attained and never go much further. I turned up just after one to be greeted by the smell of frying bacon, the sight of her looking absolutely magical in jeans and a sweatshirt and an enormous bloody mary in that order. It took me slightly aback to tell you the truth because it was all so foreign to her normal persona. She was so genuinely welcoming whereas at other times, at work, she always seemed on her guard. While we ate, the whole story came out. Apparently she'd always been very conscious of the fact that men found her extremely attractive but this rather alarmed her as most of these men, in trying to cultivate a relationship, had made it pretty plain they were only after her body. She said she certainly wasn't against going to bed with men, but she certainly was against being thought of as an easy lay just because she was attractive and had big boobs. It seemed my colleagues at work had all come on strong with her to some degree or other and this had turned her right off.

Quest: And she regarded you differently?

Executive: You must remember that I'd never made a pass at her in the six or seven months I'd known her. All the other guys had been after her right from the off. True I was with my wife for part of that period, but marriage hadn't stopped a lot of other guys in the agency going after her.

Quest: What was your reaction to her story?

Executive: I was sympathetic because I'd never realised that beauty in a girl can be a drawback under some circumstances. I mean here was a girl with the intelligence to realise just what it was these guys were after. A quick screw and goodbye. That wasn't for her. I think she regarded her looks as a bit of a hindrance as she got tired of fighting men off. I know it sounds corny, but she wanted people to realise she had a brain too.

Quest: It sounds like you were in a tricky position. You've told me that you fancied her, yet presumably a pass from you might have damaged the esteem in which she seems to have been holding you.

Executive: Well, that's right. That's exactly what was going through my mind. I mean platonic relationships are all very fine, but they don't stop your balls from aching, do they? I didn't want to leap on her; in fact I hadn't a clue how to go about bridging the gap between admiration and bed.

Quest: So what happened?

Executive: I finally decided that honesty would be the best plan. I told her that I was flattered she didn't regard me as a sex fiend like the others, but nevertheless I still fancied her. I was happy for any relationship to be on her terms but if it came right down to the nitty-gritty, in the long run, I was really no different to anyone else if given the opportunity.

Quest: How did she react?

Executive: She laughed. She said she knew I fancied her and she thought she fancied me too. The atmosphere suddenly became very highly charged. We weren't sitting all that far apart, only a foot or so, but it could have been a million miles because I seemed incapable of even reaching out an arm to bridge the gap. Our eyes were locked onto each others. We both *knew* what was going to happen yet the delay heightened the expectancy. We just slowly, almost imperceptibly leaned into each other until our mouths were a millimetre from touching. Then she stopped, pulled back slightly, looked at me, smiled and said 'I hope I'll have been worth waiting for.' I just grinned at her and pulled her to me. It was great. We lay back and let our tongues play for a while, but I desperately wanted to get her stripped. I wanted to see what that body of hers looked like without clothes. I was stroking her boobs through her teeshirt. She didn't have a bra on. It was so tantalising feeling those gorgeous heavy breasts through a thin layer of cotton.

Quest: Go on.

Executive: She slipped down onto the floor and knelt between my legs. She unbuckled my belt and unzipped me and just let my cock pop out. She began to suck it. Just the knob at first, but then running her tongue up and down the shaft. I was surprised how much of me she could take into her mouth. She took me all; the entire length. It was mind-blowing. I knew I couldn't hold back from coming for much longer, yet I didn't want to stop her. She must have sensed that too because she made her mouth into a small round circle and began to work it up and down, faster and faster. I couldn't hold back. I didn't want to hold back. I came. Then she looked up at me and said 'My turn now. Let's go into the bedroom.' I stood and watched as she stripped off. First the teeshirt and then her jeans, until she was standing there in a tiny pair of white panties. I've never seen a body like Deborah's since. Her boobs were large but incredibly firm. What are those things on the end called – areolae? They were a good couple of inches wide with fat stubby nipples. I was out of my clothes in two seconds flat and then we were on the bed together. I slipped a hand under the waistband of her panties and that's when I got another suprise.

Quest: What was that?

Executive: She'd shaved. Depilated. It was as bare as a baby's bum and as smooth too. I'd always fantasised about shaven cunts, but I'd never come across one until then. I pulled the pants down so I could look at it and it was fantastic. Everything was so available if you know what I mean. I bent my head down and started to tongue her. She was very wet. She opened her legs wide so I could get my tongue inside her. Glancing up, I could see her, head thrown right back, playing with her breasts, tugging on the nipples, and that turned me on even more. I lay on top of her and made to get into her, but she said 'No, I like it this way best,' and rolled over onto her front, getting up on her hands and knees for doggy fashion. That just freaked me out completely, the sight of that fabulous arse. I rammed against it, reaching round the front with my hand to play with her clitoris. We were both so worked up that it didn't take either of us very long to come. I think she beat me to it fractionally. I could feel her lovely muscles gripping me, fitting almost like a hand to bring me off.

Quest: A good start to any relationship.

Executive: Yes. But it didn't last.

Quest: Why not?

Executive: We were together for about nine months, but then Deborah wanted to get married while I wasn't keen to go through that particular trip again. The relationship foundered on that particular rock. She left the company and I haven't seen her again. As I said earlier, it's just one night stands now, but if I met her now for the first time, who knows what would happen? We just knew each other at the wrong time.

Quest: Thanks.

Three **Housewife, 26 years old, blonde, town of origin Ashby-de-la-Zouch**

This interviewee had entered a modelling academy when nineteen and had worked in the advertising industry, occasionally. She had married at twenty four.

Quest: Do you still believe that it is hard for an extremely attractive girl to form sincere relationships?

Housewife: No, that's not exactly what I meant. Once you've found somebody, it's no different. The trouble is finding *that* person.

Quest: Why is that?

Housewife: Because it is extremely difficult to be taken seriously.

Quest: Please explain that further.

Housewife: Well, for a start, if you're a blonde – and I realise that this must be the oldest complaint in the book, a cliche, even – they think you're dumb, and really I'm not. Others believe that as you're pretty you have oodles of men buzzing around you so that they don't stand a chance.

Quest: But they would?

Housewife: Certainly, in my case they *would* have. One of the only ones who did pay me attention I ended up marrying. But he was an exception.

Quest: Would you care to explain that?

Housewife: I'll try. I don't really know though. I suppose it just took us ages to get the relationship off the ground.

Quest: How old were you then?

Housewife: When I first met Ian? Oh, I had just had my twenty-first birthday the week before, I like to think that he was sort of a late birthday present.

Quest: Were you sexually experienced?

Housewife: I wasn't a virgin when I met Ian, if that's what you're getting at, but I wasn't promiscuous either. I lost my virginity when I was seventeen. The thing was, however, that I'd only done it with two boys between then and when I met Ian. Hardly a spectacular sex life, wouldn't you agree?

Quest: Hard to believe, perhaps, given that you are so attractive.

Housewife: That's terribly interesting, really. There were two different periods in my love life – honestly.

Quest: What do you mean?

Housewife: At school, it's true, I did seem to attract boys, but they were generally creeps. They only wanted me for one thing. And then after I left school and went out to work, and then to the modelling academy, it was as though I was all of a sudden a leper – I just didn't get to meet nice boys.

Quest: None at all? Were you going with anyone at the time – seriously or not?

Housewife: This boy from school; I used to see quite a bit of him, I suppose, but I was never interested in him sexually. We used to go to the pictures or out to a disco or something like that, but it was only really for convenience. Purely platonic.

Quest: But Ian was something different. How did you meet him?

Housewife: I'd been hired to, I suppose, glamorise this function – it was a press presentation for this new range of kitchen ware. I forget what it was called now, I think it was Italian and they were trying to break into the UK market. Anyway, that's not important. What is important is that I met Ian there.

Quest: He was a journalist?

Housewife: No. He was with the importing company, not very high up or anything, but just helping out at the display.

Quest: Were you attracted to him straight away?

Housewife: No, I wouldn't say that, I

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noticed him straight away though.

Quest: Why was that?

Housewife: Because he was standing in a corner of the room by himself when I arrived. And the thing was that I noticed him a few times during the rest of the afternoon, when the guests had arrived. You know how those things are – they're all so false. The lunches – this was a buffet affair – and drink are only to bribe the Press and the reporters themselves aren't interested in the product they're only there for the food and drink. It seems a very one-sided affair. I remember Ian telling me that they had gone to considerable expense setting it up, but had hardly got a mention.

Quest: You said then that Ian had told you. That must have been later. So what happened?

Housewife: Oh, it was as usual. I had a job on my hands fending off those Press people.

Quest: We're not all like that.

Housewife: Sorry. I forgot that you're one of them.

Quest: Why? Were you fending them off?

Housewife: I suppose it was the outfits we had to wear.

Quest: Were they revealing?

Housewife: A trifle. Not nasty or cheap, but it was in the summer at the time and the dresses were a bit low-cut at the front and a fair amount of boob was on display. That was what attracted them.

Quest: Naturally. But not Ian?

Housewife: He was literally the only one who wasn't continually ogling me or engaging me in ridiculous conversation about this new set of kitchen utensils or whatever. Not that I knew anything about them anyway. Actually, luckily it was a domestic trade thing because most of the Press people, thank God, were women. There were about half a dozen men present besides the company representatives.

Quest: Did you approach Ian?

Housewife: I had to in the end. He looked so bored with the whole affair – so was I but at least I was getting paid for it.

Quest: What did you talk about?

Housewife: Nothing special. Chit-chat. Small-talk. It would be boring.

Quest: But you felt it necessary.

Housewife: It just started out that I was trying to be nice, nothing more. I felt sorry for him, he seemed so lost.

Quest: But you liked him?

Housewife: After talking to him for a few minutes I did. He was different – he didn't treat me as an imbecile and he wasn't trying to impress me. He was just being very natural.

Quest: Did you make arrangements to see each other again?

Housewife: No, not then.

Quest: When then? Don't tell me that you happened to bump into each other at your local Tesco?

Housewife: No, not really. Towards the end of the reception, we bumped into each other once more and he got all stammery and asked if I'd like to go out for a drink with him.

Quest: You agreed?

Housewife: How could I refuse, the way he asked? You could tell that to him he was taking life in limb asking me out. He obviously thought I was nice and was risking his pride. So I thought 'what harm can it do?'

Quest: Would you say that you were vulnerable at the time?

Housewife: You mean, 'was I on the rebound' – no I wouldn't say so. Maybe I was just vulnerable to him, to his type after the usual crowd of boys I had round me.

Quest: From what you're saying, and I don't mean to be rude, he sounds as though at the time he was fairly weak willed.

Housewife: I suppose that's fair enough comment.

Quest: So what happened?

Housewife: We went into town, to a disco and then he took me to this really swish restaurant.

Quest: And after?

Housewife: He dropped me home, at the flat and naturally I asked him in for a nightcap. I know that sounds a bit corny, but that's how it goes, doesn't it?

Quest: And obviously it went all right because you finished up marrying him.

Housewife: After a long engagement.

Quest: What happened that first night?

Housewife: Not a lot. I couldn't.

Quest: Would you have if you were able?

Housewife: I don't honestly know.

Quest: Did you go to bed together?

Housewife: He stayed the night with me, but not much happened – he was rather shy still and I believe a bit overawed.

Quest: That he'd been successful with you?

Housewife: I didn't mean that to sound conceited or anything, but basically I suppose that's what I meant.

Quest: Was he eager to touch you?

Housewife: Not like other boys, no.

Quest: What does that mean?

Housewife: Although I said earlier I hadn't been to bed with many men, it was only partly true. I hadn't made love to many, but when I was at school still I did do things for boys.

Quest: Do what?

Housewife: I used to let them touch me up. And if I felt in the mood – mostly I didn't – I'd play with the boys make them . . .

Quest: Spurt?

Housewife: Come.

Quest: So Ian really was something out of the ordinary?

Housewife: He didn't try much that first night, only kissing and a bit of cuddling.

Quest: And when you saw him again . . .

Housewife: It was the next week. I had him over for dinner and afterwards we just started cuddling on the settee.

Quest: This time he was more adventurous.

Housewife: He got his hands into my blouse and managed to life my bra up over my bosoms and started tweaking at my nipples.

Quest: Tell me more of that evening together.

Housewife: More? He got his hands down my knickers and managed to get his fingers inside me which made me start getting hot.

Quest: Hot?

Housewife: You know, excited. And then he took my hand and placed it over his thing. It was so beautiful, squirming away there in my hand and rubbing him through his trousers. Then he undid his fly and pulled himself out.

Quest: His penis?

Housewife: It was so beautiful looking. I'd never seen a more beautiful-looking penis before, It really did have something about it, an aura even. And I knew that if things went on too much longer, I'd finish the night with that monster inside me.

Quest: And you decided to break it off – the canoodling that is, not his penis?

Housewife: I still wasn't all that sure that that was what I wanted. Ian felt terrible, I could tell. When I said no and let go of him and pulled his hand away from me, I could tell how hurt he was.

Quest: So what happened?

Housewife: He was all set to go – to leave as he thought I was rejecting him. He even said something like 'It was too good to last' so I asked him what he meant.

Quest: And he said?

Housewife: That was it. He just said that he was sorry.

Quest: Sorry for what?

Housewife: For not turning me on is what he meant. But that's where he was wrong. He told me that he really liked me and that he realised that I would never be interested in him and that he thought it better if he went. I had a devil of a job explaining to him that I was very much attracted to him, and that I liked him because that was the way he was. That he wouldn't believe how difficult it had been for me with men. In the end I said that he could sleep with me if he wanted.

Quest: And he jumped at the opportunity?

Housewife: We went to bed and I changed into a nightie – not a see-through or anything and got into bed and waited for him. He came in a few minutes later and got undressed. I put the lights out but I've a night light in the bedroom which gives off a low intensity blue and I watched him as he got undressed. He left his undies on and started to make for the bed and so I said 'take the rest off too,' and he eased them down and kicked them over his head and I could see him in the dim light, with an enormous shadow playing on the wall of his beautiful penis. We went to bed and started cuddling and kissing. And he started telling me how beautiful I was – that makes a girl feel so good even if it's not true – and how lucky he was to have found me. Good grief, this sounds silly.

Quest: No. Please go on.

Housewife: Anyway we felt each other all over and kissed and when I felt it right I reached down and took hold of him and guided him into me and we rolled around the bed for ages. It was so beautiful. And we finished with him taking me from behind – with me kneeling down – you know, and his hands squeezing my breasts ever so tight and working on my clitty with his spare hand.

Quest: And you've found sex satisfactory?

Housewife: Oh yes. It seems so silly that men are scared of attractive girls, really. Even with Ian and I, it was yours truly who had to make the initial running.

Quest: Thank you very much.

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JULIE

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Most men would happily take the plunge for a girl like 20-year-old 34-22-34 inch Julie Chambers – ideally from a height of about six feet off the high board at the small public baths in the North of England where she is a resident lifeguard and swimming instructress. 'I've heard every line you can possibly think of,' she says in the tones of her native Derbyshire. 'From "Help me, Miss, I'm drowning" which usually means a quick attempt at an underwater grope, to "I think my friend's suffocating, love; give him the kiss of life." But you soon develop an eye for the real emergencies, which isn't easy with dozens of kids larking about'.

Based in Leeds – 'It's quite a long way from work but I'd be lost outside a big city; I'm not a country person' – Julie studied physical education at a teacher's training college, but after a brief stint in a primary school decided school was not for her. 'The work was fine,' she says, 'but there was so much administration it got me down.' A year's globe-trotting which took in Europe and America and she took to the baths. 'Ironically enough my work is still with kids, but there are adults in the evenings.' Her choice in men? 'I do tend to like active men with nice bodies – not intellectuals; I prefer sportsmen.' Swimmers? Julie just smiles.

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continued from page 13

efforts to escape doubled, but to no avail – the sight of her knicker-covered bottom was too much, I was going to enjoy every minute of it. Down came those pretty pink panties and off I went. Actually it was quite painful on my hand, but not as painful as it was on her bottom. After about twenty slaps I gave up thoroughly revenged and quite turned on but resolved to the fact that I was going to have her then or never again.

Meanwhile she had run off crying and I settled down for a night by myself. At about two o'clock I felt someone shaking me. It was Julie (Name changed). She said she could hear someone creeping about outside. I felt dreadful and the last thing I wanted to do was go burglar-hunting. However valour prevailed and off I set on a fruitless once over round the cottage (it never occurred to me that the cottage was miles from anywhere and the last thing outside would have been a person).

Julie said she couldn't sleep and would I come into her bedroom. She said I could use the other bed in the room if I wanted.

By now I got the distinct feeling that what she wanted was something a little more naughty than Securicor. So I decided that if that was what she did want, *I* for a change would be cold to her advances. I pretended to fall asleep and after five or ten minutes she came over to my bed and 'woke' me, saying that she could still hear things.

I told her that if she promised to go to sleep and not wake me she could sleep in my bed.

She assured me she would behave.

By the time she was next to me in bed I had a full erection and as she had her back to me it wasn't long before it was nestling firmly between her buttocks. Very slowly she began to move backwards and forwards until she was jerking against the tip of my penis and I realised that by turning over and ignoring her it would be the ultimate in degradation. I was right. She turned over as well and made a grab for my penis. I could feel her wetness against my leg and, she pleaded with me, literally to make love to her. I pushed her onto her back and with her legs wide open mounted her. She screamed at me 'hurt me, hurt me,' so I slapped her across the face and to my amazement she said 'no not like that, harder,' so I hit her as hard as I could across her face and she screamed and came gripping my penis as I reached cloud nine as well. It wasn't until afterwards whilst lying awake that I realised that all the time she had wanted to be spanked – degraded in some way, and all the time she had been trying her damndest to get me annoyed and when she succeeded she really enjoyed it. To my mind women are fickle.

(*Name and address withheld*)

After an accident that has left me paralysed and in a chair I find that life is now one of no happenings – before, I had been very active sportswise and socially. Recently I have been taking a number of men's magazines and find that *Mayfair* is in a league of its own. Therefore I would consider myself highly privileged if you could print this letter as a plea. I want to see if, through your magazine, you can help me get in contact with any girl who would be willing to either write to me or visit me. I've tried very hard myself, but with no success.

Steve Reed, 37 New Road,
Smallfield, Horley, Surrey.

You've got a lot to offer, Steve. There's no trace of self-pity in your letter. Hope something comes of it. Keep in touch.

As a regular reader of *Mayfair* I am annoyed that only small mention is made of the subject of foot fetishism. Myself, I take it one step further and my fetish is women in nylon tights. For the benefit of foot fetishists let me tell you of my most fulfilling sexual experiences to date. I am twenty one and work for a local grocer as a delivery boy. About six months ago I went to visit my friend, Alan, for a chat. However, when I got there his mother who is in her late thirties answered the door and said that Alan was out at the pub. She invited me in to the lounge where she was watching television. She was wearing a pair of floral design nylon slippers. She slipped them off and raised her feet on to the settee beside me. She had on honey-coloured

turn to page 126

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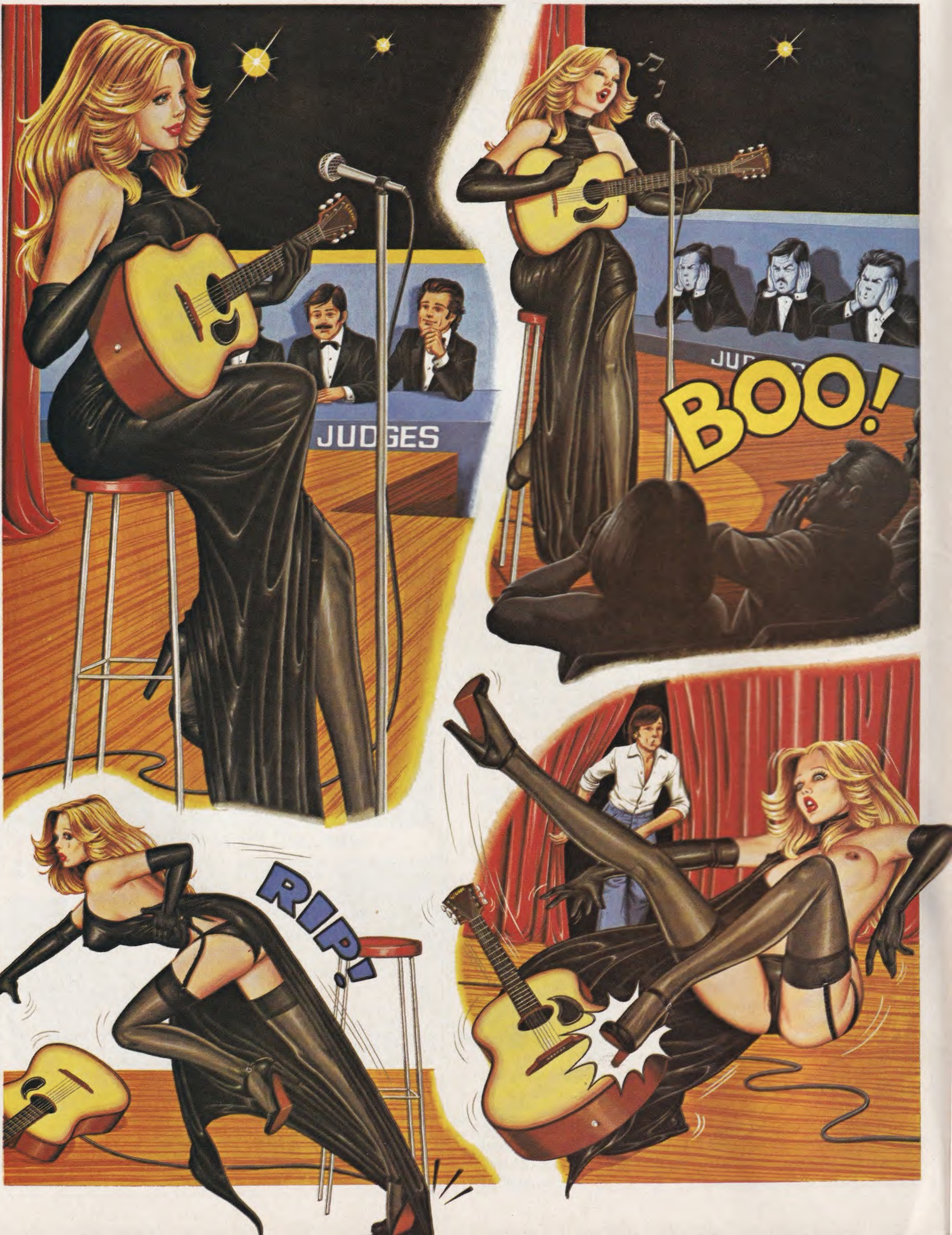
JUDGES
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RIP!

TRIP!
ENCORE!

Drawn by
STEVE KINGSTON

Story by
DAVID BRENNER

LETTERS

continued from page 123

tights and her toenails were varnished. She had a habit of flexing her toes and the nylon moving round her perfectly formed feet gave me a long hard erection, which I hid underneath my coat.

She looked up and said that she had seen me looking at her feet many times. I went red. She said she didn't mind and flexed them again. I moved my hand toward them. She said 'no,' but ordered me to strip naked. I did as she ordered and she stood up and peeled back my foreskin. She put my hands onto her breasts which were encased in a Naturana bra under a red polo-necked sweater. I massaged them and she then removed her upper clothing and I sucked her nipple which was almost black and salty with a few hairs sprouting from the areolae. She slipped off her jeans and faced me, wearing nothing but her tights, her black pubic bush pushing out the nylon at her crotch. She made me lie on the settee and tormented me by sitting on a chair nearby and flexing her toes in front of my face, then, with me practically crying with frustration, she put them to my mouth and I sucked on her long, fat, rounded big toe, the hard, varnished nail so smooth and warm. Then she lowered her breast to my face and took my penis in her mouth before impaling herself on me.

When I left the house she was dressed and was again watching television and was again reclining on the settee, flexing her toes.

P W, Cheshire

We felt that your experience had instant socks appeal, Mr W. Toe your way to page 52 for our feature on the love life of the foot and shoe.

Mayfair, I believe, is the best men's magazine in the United Kingdom. Having said that, I have one small grievance. In my opinion some of the girls of recent months have been rather thin and flat-chested. And one further point that I feel justifies a complaint is putting a beautiful girl on the cover and then not including her inside the magazine. This happened with Vol 13 No 2. This particular girl would, I believe, have been the best model in the issue. I am sure, also, that I have seen her before. Has she ever been featured in *Mayfair?* If not she surely deserves a wider viewing. Apart from these minor points I hasten to add that the February issue was much more on the right lines with regards to the girls featured. Personally I would welcome a return feature on Nadiuska, as I don't believe the pictures did her justice.

I believe your policy of featuring top models of the past – Annie Walker and June Palmer – very good indeed. Any chance of some more – Margaret Nolan (Vicky Kennedy) for instance?

G H, Hednesford, Staffs

Very observant Mr H. Our Vol 13 No 2 covergirl was Joanie Allum who appeared fully nude as our centregirl in Vol 10 No 11 (available from our back numbers department for 77p including p&p).

I was delighted with your displaying in Vol 12 No 11 June Palmer. It brought back wonderful memories of my university days when, like a multitude of other young gentlemen, I was uncontrollably infatuated with this gorgeous lassie. Of the thousands of nude models I have seen over the years, she is the only one I can remember by name. She is not easily forgotten.

Considering the state of the British economy I was very pleased to learn that she is securely employed. I wish her continued success.

David Smith, Toronto, Canada

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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The Coliseum takes you back to the days of Roman splendour in all its extravagant glory. Sauna rooms, private massage cubicles with showers and the attention of a host of beautiful girls who will pamper your tired body in the way the Romans demanded.

Nowhere else can you get such splendour and beauty without having to pay a lot, lot more.

COLISEUM SAUNA

[illegible] Stamford Hill, London.N.16
[illegible]
11.00 a.m. – 12 Midnight. 7 days

Ambassador

24 hour
VISITING
MASSAGE

359 6415

BARCLAYCARD

ANTOINETTE'S

VISITING MASSAGE

ooo 24 HOURS ooo

HIGHLY TRAINED GIRLS OF ALL NATIONALITIES

01 636 9007

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Sophia

visiting massage service

540 4069

anytime

New Celebrity

Luxury unisex sauna.

Fantastic vibrator massage.

Invigorating impulse showers.

Super sun giant sun tan equipment.

Full body hot air dryer.

Luxury lounge, colour T.V., soft lights, piped music, deep carpets.

Free drink (scotch, brandy, vodka, gin, etc.), free coffee and tea.

London's most beautiful girls, highly trained and friendly.

Soft, comfortable cabins for your massage.

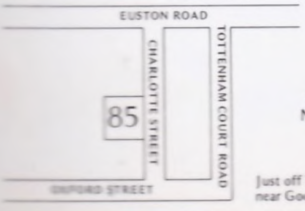
A smile and a chat for all our customers.

Come and smile away your cares, let us look after you.

We want you to tell your friends, and we want you to visit us any time between 11.30 am–1.30 am. 7 days a week at the New Celebrity.

85, Charlotte St.
London, W1.
Tel. 01-580 3546

Visiting service available.



HERE WE
ARE
PHONE OR POP IN
NO APPOINTMENTS
NEEDED

Just off Tottenham Court Road London W1
near Goodge Street Station.

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H. M. Government Tables.
H. M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH